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The Outlook

Volume 140 | July 1, 1925 | Number 9

Adjusting the Tax Burden

IN the current discussion about the reduction of taxes, in which Democrats vie with Republicans in their advocacy of relief for the taxpayer and the release of capital, we have seen no reference to one of the promises which the Republicans made last year. In the National platform which they set forth as an inducement for the support of their candidates they adopted the following provision:

> We favor the creation by appropriate legislation of a non-partisan Federal commission to make a comprehensive study and report upon the tax systems of the States and Federal Government with a view to an intelligent reformation of our systems of taxation to a more equitable basis, and a proper adjustment of the subjects of taxation as between the National and State Governments, with justice to the taxpayer and in conformity with these sound economic principles.

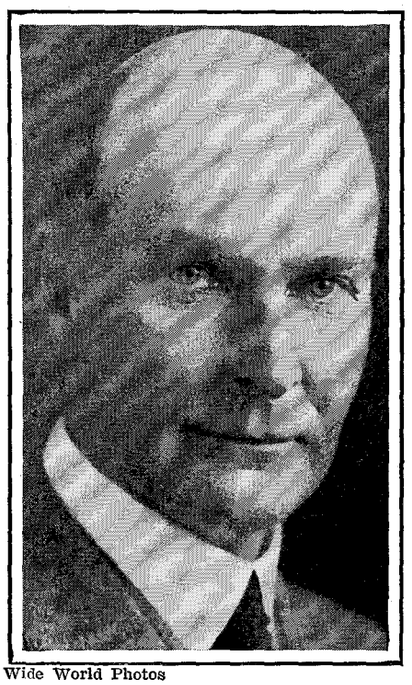
The principles to which this provision refers were outlined in the preceding paragraphs of the platform.

If as a result of such a study there advocated an adjustment between Federal and State taxes by means of a Federal law, showing the way for State legislation, were to be made, the achievement would be comparable to the creation of the Federal Reserve System and the National Budget.

Connecticut's Call to Arms

GOVERNOR JOHN H. TRUMBULL, of Connecticut, has been criticised for his refusal to co-operate with the War Department's plan to test our National defenses by calling out the National Guard on July Fourth. Governor Trumbull has declared that no adequate test of his State's preparedness could be gained by a mobilization on that day, because many of Connecticut's soldiers would be away on vacation. Whatever may be thought of this position, no one can deny that as a modern Paul Revere Governor Trumbull is a distinct success. With no previous warning, he mobilized ninety-six per cent of the officers and ninety per cent of the men of the State militia within about four hours of his call to arms.

Even Adjutant-General George M. Cole was not privy to the Governor's intention of having a surprise muster. Yet within twenty-six minutes after the Governor had telephoned the Adjutant-General his mobilization order the ten commanding officers of the State had been summoned from office, golf course, or beach, and fire alarm, factory whistles, radios, telephones, movie screens, and



Wide World Photos

Governor John H. Trumbull, of Connecticut

couriers were mustering to duty the other fighting men of the Nutmeg State. In trains, trolleys, bicycles, automobiles, or on foot the militiamen hastened to their armories, some not stopping to get their uniforms, but all in shape to fight. Many a modern Cincinnatus literally dropped the plow for the sword.

Meanwhile the State hummed with picturesque rumors. Some men heard that war had been declared on Mexico, China, and Japan. The most imaginative, however, provided timid souls a delirious thrill with a specious story of the capture of New London by local Bolsheviki.

All in all, every one concerned had a good time, and Connecticut may well be proud of the example of readiness she has set the other States.

Governor Trumbull is a bold man. Had his unexpected alarm at 2.30 P.M. on June 15 brought to arms at 7 P.M. only forty or fifty per cent of the State's guardsmen, he would have been the butt of bitter criticism—political and non-partisan. But he felt a prepared test would mean nothing; he wanted to learn what Connecticut could do in a real emergency. The result seems amply to justify his statement, telegraphed to the Acting Secretary of War:

"I am satisfied that our troops are well organized to respond promptly to any emergency call for their services."

The Teapot Dome Lease Sustained

IT is impossible completely to reconcile the opinion handed down in the Teapot Dome case, decided in the Federal court at Cheyenne, Wyoming, on June 19, with the opinion in the case of the Elks Hill reserve No. 1, which was handed down in Los Angeles, and reported in The Outlook on June 10. It is true that the two cases differ in some particulars, and therefore the one case may well lead to certain conclusions different from those reached in the other. But the two leases were based upon the same law. And in the interpretation of that law Judge T. Blake Kennedy, who decided the Wyoming case, differs radically from Judge McCormick, who decided the California case.

According to Judge Kennedy, the lease of the Teapot Dome Reserve, which was under attack in the Senate last year, was both legal and well considered. The Judge finds no evidence proving any fraudulent act in this case. In this respect the two cases may not be considered parallel, as the act which was regarded as a fraud upon the United States Government in the Elks Hill case did not occur in connection with the lease of the Teapot Dome Reserve. But the authority on which the validity of the leases depended was the same in both cases, and the judgment exercised in both cases was practically if not literally identical.

Those, therefore, who were jubilant because the conclusion of the majority of the Senatorial investigators was sustained in the California case have no cause for jubilation in the decision of the case of the Teapot Dome. Plans, therefore, to make political capital out of

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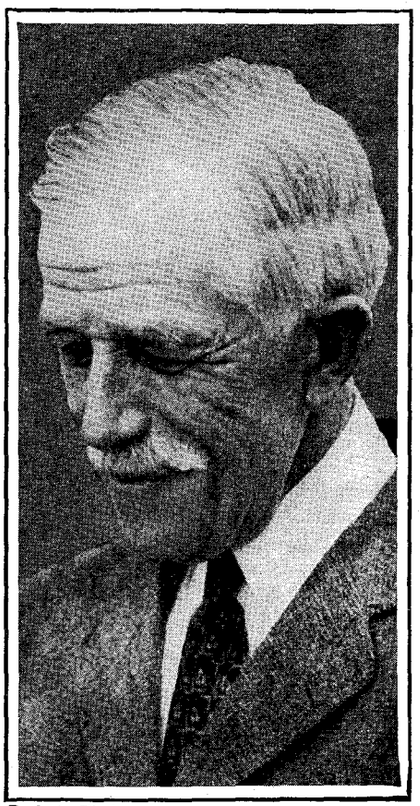
Judge McCormick's decision may now have to be suspended or abandoned, for the very points on which the critics of the naval leases have depended are now again in question.

It should be remembered that there are at least four issues involved in these leases and that these issues should not be confused with one another. In the first there are the issues involved in the personal relationship between Secretary Fall and those with whom he had dealings on behalf of the Government. Concerning that issue there has never been any doubt in the public mind. Secretary Fall forfeited public confidence. He had, however, resigned before the matter came up for investigation. The second issue concerns the legality of the leases. This has been submitted to two courts, and the result is a disagreement between them. It is not likely that that issue can be settled until it has been passed on by the Supreme Court of the United States. The third issue is that concerning the wisdom of those leases. On that matter opinions differ. Even if they were legal, they conceivably might not have been wise. On the other hand, if illegal, they may have nevertheless represented a wise policy which the law ought to have authorized. This is not a question for a Court to decide. The Court does not pass upon the wisdom of the law, but its meaning and validity. The fourth issue is that concerning the action of the Senate in undertaking under the form of an investigation to try these cases and pass judgment upon them. On this issue the people expressed their opinion last year.

A Three-Cornered Primary

NEW JERSEY'S Republican primary vote for candidate for Governor was a real fight. Its result might easily be misinterpreted. For instance, the winning candidate, State Senator Arthur Whitney, had the Anti-Saloon League support and also had for slogan on the ballot "Regular Republican." Yet his victory was not clearly "dry," for the man who ran third in the race, Cornelius Doremus, had a large part of the "dry" vote, and his slogan in the ballot was "Real Prohibition Enforcement." As to regularity, doubtless all three were "regular" enough for a primary, but the "runner-up," Thomas F. McCran, formerly Attorney-General, had the strong and open support of Senator Edge, who is the regular Republican party leader for New Jersey.

One thing the election shows is that there is strong opposition inside the party to Senator Edge's alleged bossism. In New Jersey the State committeemen are named at the primary and voted for at the election. The battle over these nominations resulted in a victory for the anti-Edge faction, in which Mrs. Feickert, the most active woman Republican leader, engaged, and with success as to the general make-up of the committee, although she was personally defeated for membership.



P. & A. Photos

Arthur Whitney

Another indication of the election is the proof positive that no section of the Republican Party in New Jersey favors repudiation of the Volstead Act or the Prohibition Amendment. If the fall election is to bear on the liquor question, the avowed wets must be looked for among Democratic candidates. From the National point of view, it may be asked, despite all assertions that the people want prohibition legislation repealed, where there is to be found organized, serious political effort to do away with either the Eighteenth Amendment or the Volstead Act.

Senator Whitney's avowed purpose is to lead the State to repudiate "the boss-ridden machine" supporting his opponent, Commissioner Moore, of Jersey City, who is charged, together with Frank Hague, of Newark, with being responsible for bad legislation at Trenton and of Democratic bossism and manipulation. Whitney points out that the Republican majority for Coolidge was about 300,000 and argues that Governor Silzer's success is not likely to be repeated by Moore. Whitney favors definite reforms as to highways, taxes, water supply, and other active local issues.

Whitney's plurality over McCran was over 30,000, while Doremus ran a bad third. The total vote was small. Doubtless the fact that McCran is a Roman Catholic lost him the Ku Klux vote; the Klan still has a large but not very excited membership in the State.

The Prevention of Lynching

FORTY-FIVE communities prevented lynchings in 1924, according to a report just prepared by the Commission on Race Relations of the Federal Council of Churches.

Prevention, says this report, played a big part in the reduction of the number of lynchings in the United States to sixteen last year, the lowest figure since records have been kept.

In 1914, it appears, there were 52 persons reported lynched and 17 reported preventions of lynching. That is, there were more than three times as many lynchings as there were instances of lynching being prevented.

But in 1924, ten years later, the opposite is true. There were reported 45 instances of the prevention of lynching and 16 reported cases of lynching. This means that in 1914 there were 68 attempts at lynching, 52 of which were successful, and that in 1924 there were 61 attempts at lynching, 45 of which were prevented by the foresight, energy, and courage of public officials.

In the prevention of lynching the report points out that sometimes the sheriffs or other officials risked their lives to protect their prisoners so that they might be given a legal trial. In other cases, requiring more moral courage, sheriffs and other officials opened fire on friends and neighbors when it became necessary to save their charges. In some other cases lynchings were prevented by public officials who promptly removed prisoners committed to their care from communities in which the crime was committed, and so prevented lynchings.

This "commendable action on the part of public officials, which covered many States, is due," according to Dr. George

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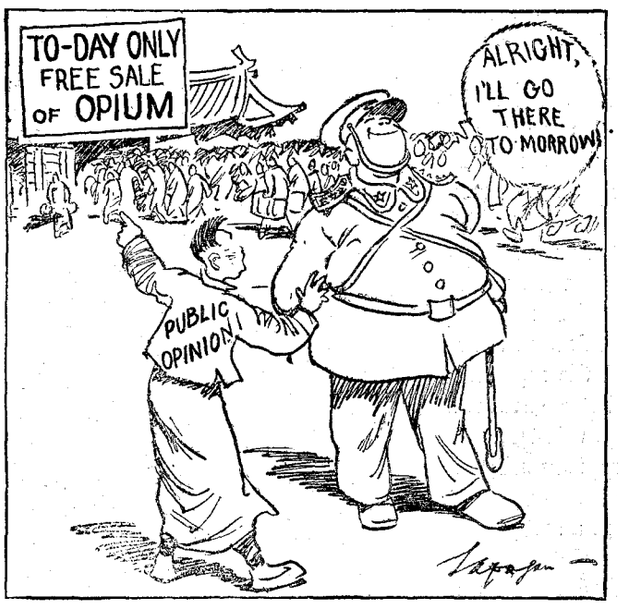
Haughtiness, opinion and disdain

(1 Henry IV, Act III, Scene 1)

Lapagan in the North-China Daily News



Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof

From Louise Thompson, Shanghai, China

Ireland in the Columbus Dispatch

Mothering the whole litter

From William Waugh, Columbus, Ohio

Cargill in the Wall Street Journal

Education in the higher branches !

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

Ireland in the Columbus Dispatch

She couldn't pass

From C. W. Hall, Akron, Ohio

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E. Haynes, secretary of the Commission, "to the slowly growing public opinion against lynching which is calling upon officers to uphold the law and protect prisoners in their charge."

And Marvin Three Thousand Miles Away

GEORGE MARVIN visited the University of Washington and sat down and wrote for us an article called "Why Washington Wins." To save the headline of his article, he wrote, "Pray for the victory of Washington at Poughkeepsie."

The headline of his article in this issue stands, even though Washington, after gaining the championship of the Pacific coast, lost gallantly to Annapolis on the Hudson River.

It was a stirring battle between these two great crews; a battle in which the loser won almost equal honor with the victor. Not for this, however, did we leave the title as Mr. Marvin had written it.

There are more important victories than those of winning first place in a great regatta. Mr. Marvin in his journey for The Outlook to the colleges of America is discovering victories of the spirit that are more important than the laurels of mere athletic prestige. The picture that Mr. Marvin has caught of life at the University of Washington shows American democracy in full flower.

Co-operation and joyous courage go to the making of Washington's splendid crew. These qualities are the product of a leadership and a spirit which will leave its mark upon the Washington oarsmen long after the fierce days of intercollegiate competition are over.

Making Revolution Obsolete in Central America

COMMISSIONS of inquiry whose purpose is to head off revolution and conflicts in Central America have been approved by four of the five republics in that group of nations. The diplomatic representatives of these four Governments—Costa Rica, Guatemala, Honduras, and Nicaragua—went to the Department of State in Washington a few days ago and in the presence of Secretary Kellogg, who acted for the United States, which also is a party to the convention, deposited the ratifications of this international agreement, which thereby became operative as between the Governments represented.

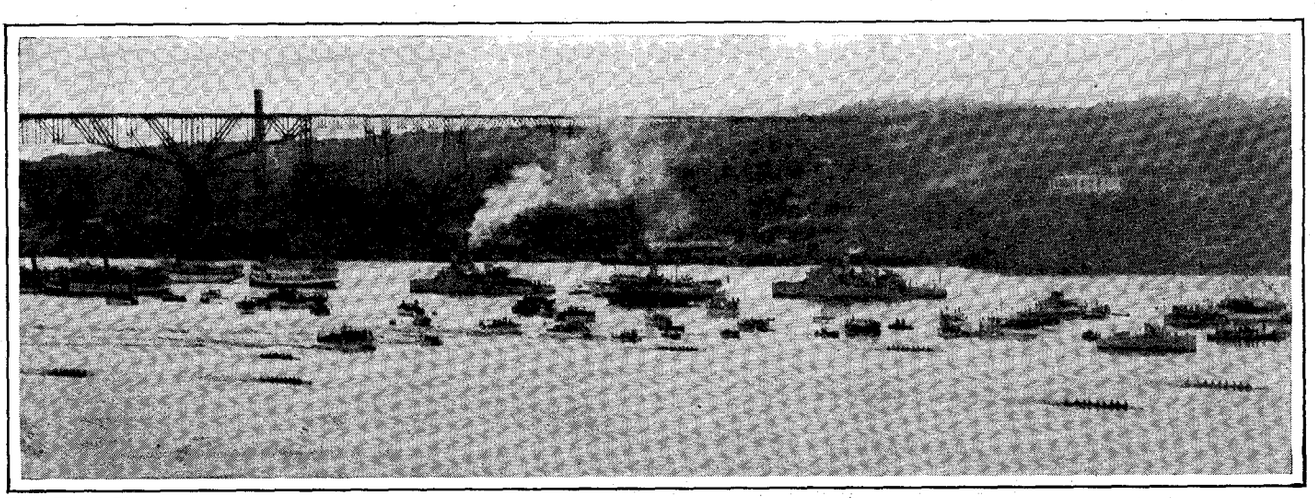
This simple ceremony went virtually unheralded. It nevertheless marked an important step in the relations between the United States and the republics of Central America and between those nations themselves. Unless all treaties become "scraps of paper," it means that a strong check has been set up against the outbreak of hostilities in a section of the world where, in fact, revolution has been a "profession." Under the influence of the United States, making itself felt through the peaceful and orderly means of treaties duly adopted and ratified, the word "revolution"—a word with which Central America has been more or less synonymous—is likely to be less and less frequently heard in connection with that region.

Taken in conjunction with the treaty of peace and amity and the other conventions which were signed at the Washington conference on Central American affairs two years ago, and which are being gradually adopted and put into operation, the convention for the establishment of international commissions of inquiry offers a strong foundation on which to build for permanent peace in Central America. It provides that when two or more of the contracting parties shall have failed to adjust satisfactorily through the regular diplomatic channels some difference of opinion regarding a treaty or convention between them they "shall institute a Commission of Inquiry with the object of facilitating the settlement of the dispute by means of an impartial inquiry into the facts."

Few differences will arise between two or more of the Central American nations or between the United States and any of them which cannot be adjusted, it is believed, through the double process of this "cooling off period" and the additional "impartial inquiry into the facts." The value of the treaty lies in the beneficial effect it will have on the operation of all the other agreements between the signatory Powers. As a revolution in one Central American country has usually been fomented or organized in an adjoining country, an operation which is now prohibited under the general treaty of peace and amity between these nations, it is believed that "commissions of inquiry," composed in each case of a member from each of the disputant countries and a third from one of the other signatory nations, will soon make armed revolt against established government fruitless and unprofitable.

Peru Accepts the Coolidge Arbitral Award

THE decision of the Peruvian Government to accept the arbitral award of President Coolidge in the Tacna-Arica territorial dispute with Chile and to participate in the plebiscite which the arbi-



Wide World Photos

The finish of the four-mile varsity race at Poughkeepsie, with the Navy and Washington crews fighting it out at the head of the procession. The other crews finished in the following order: Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, Cornell, Syracuse, and Columbia

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Springfield, Missouri

ter decided must be held to determine the ultimate sovereignty of the two provinces, formerly Peruvian, which have been administered by Chile ever since the close of the war of 1884, is a matter of twofold consequence. In the first place, it seems to leave no doubt as to the final removal of this long-standing source of controversy and possible armed conflict, not only between the two nations directly involved, but also among a majority of the other Latin-American republics, whose sympathies naturally have been with one or other of the disputants. In the second place, the success of this arbitration is a satisfaction to the American Government and, by its demonstration of this country's effective friendliness, will enhance the prestige of the United States throughout Latin America.

Some fear had been expressed that Peru, which hoped for some other method of settlement than a plebiscite, claiming that no fair and just election could take place "in the present circumstances," the provinces having been so long administered by her enemy, might decline to participate in the plebiscite. This would have given the provinces to Chile virtually by default, for the arbitral award provided for the holding of the elections even if Peru should fail to appoint her member of the plebiscitary commission which is to have charge of the voting. With the appointment of the Peruvian commissioner, however, the Chilean having been named some time ago, that fear has been finally dispelled.

General Pershing, who was chosen by President Coolidge as president of the Commission, is now assembling his staff of legal and other advisers preparatory to sailing for South America in the near future. An American cruiser will be assigned for the purpose. While no date has yet been fixed for the holding of the plebiscite, it is believed that the year 1925 will close with the ancient Tacna-Arica dispute—the most stubborn possibly which the Americas have seen—wiped from the books, to be from henceforth a matter of dimming history.

Six Months of the Dawes Plan

A REPORT of the actual operation of the Dawes Reparation Plan for the half-year ending April 1 has just been rendered by Mr. Seymour Parker Gilbert, Agent-General for Reparations Payment.

So far the plan has worked smoothly. Ahead are doubtless obstacles and problems to be solved. It is not exactly a financial miracle for the Germans to pay $250,000,000 (gold) in the first year, in view of the fact that they had $200,000,000 proceeds of a loan guaranteed internationally and as sound as Liberty Bonds. Germany's internal Budget, taxes, and expenditure are now balancing favorably. For the second year her

(C) Harris & Ewing

Seymour Parker Gilbert

reparation payments are fixed at a little over $300,000,000. This also she ought to manage nicely with fair industrial conditions.

The third year sees the crux of the plan; the total reparations are raised sharply, and will continue to be raised until in 1929 they reach the maximum, about $625,000,000, and also after the second year the German national Budget must take part of the monetary responsibility.

What will happen then? Mr. Gilbert suggests one thing that should be done—that the national German treasury should cease to turn back to the component German states, as it does now, ninety per cent of income and corporation taxes, and let the states get funds for their local needs locally. This to the financial layman seems eminently sensible. Or, perhaps Germany might lay a tax on capital; it would not be the first time that she has done that. It is Germany's affair how she gets the money.

Rightly, Mr. Gilbert suggests that, while results up to date are good, we must not draw too optimistic conclusions for the future. Germany's foreign trade is in an adverse state. Already the question has been raised at the International Chamber of Commerce at Brussels whether it is good policy for other nations to foster German exports so that Germany may have more money to meet reparation payments, and thereby injure their own foreign trade. For Germany to pay in actual merchandise and products would, these objectors say, amount to the same thing. Two Belgian delegates, said to stand for Belgian governmental views, strongly protested against that policy. A reply from President O'Leary, of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, is expected as we write, and will give the American reasons for believing in the continued efficiency of the Dawes Plan.

La Follette

THOUGH a Mid-Westerner by birth and breeding, Mr. La Follette, particularly in the later years of his life, seemed to think of America with a European mind.

It was because he thought in a European rather than American way that he became progressively more and more incapable of understanding his own country. As his life drew to a close his spirit seemed to become increasingly bitter. His illusions, rising out of his misunderstanding of his fellow-countrymen, brought him disappointment that culminated in the defeat of his plans to become President. The wonder is, not that such a man should have met with so many rebuffs, but that he should have found in his own country so large a following. The reason for his leadership is to be found in the fact that in America there is an enormous number of people who have brought with them from other lands or have inherited or imbibed from those who brought them here prejudices, assumptions, modes of thought, that belong to a hard and rigid class system characteristic of Europe and have missed the freedom of spirit, the resentment against paternalism, the self-reliance, and the social sense of natural equality that are the products of the fluid society which has developed here in America.

If to be Americanized means to conform to the outward fashion of manner, speech, customs, ways of living, prevalent in America, hundreds of thousands of those who followed La Follette were completely Americanized, as was Mr. La

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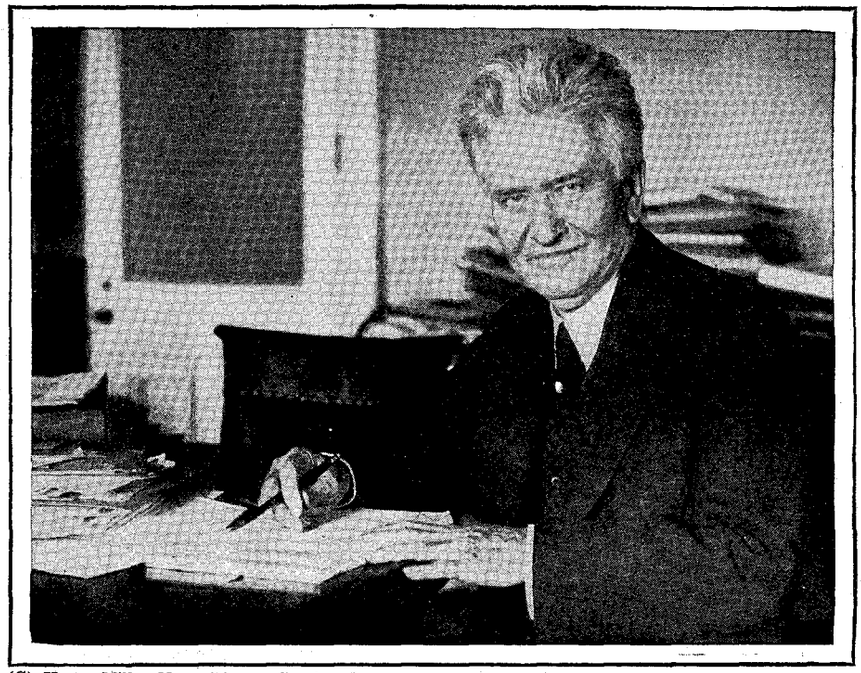
Follette himself. But if to be Americanized means to have the sort of a spirit that established this country and made it great, many of those who wear American collars and shoes and the clothes that come between and who live in American towns or villages after the fashion of other Americans, attend Chautauqua assemblies, and belong to lodges after the most orthodox American fashion, are really not American at all. It is easier to illustrate than to define the American spirit. It is the spirit that is common in John Hancock and Patrick Henry and John Paul Jones and Andrew Jackson and Abraham Lincoln. It shows itself in the plebeian Ben Franklin and the aristocratic George Washington. You cannot think of any of these men as dividing Americans up into permanent classes with conflicting interests, to be used as material for political maneuvering and agitation. Not only in our big cities but in large portions of the Northwest there are masses of people who have no liking for that which these names represent, for they have little understanding of it. These various elements are diverse in politics; but they have one thing in common—their antipathy to the American tradition.

It was of these that Mr. La Follette became spokesman. He thought as they thought. He has been called a demagogue; but he was not a demagogue if by that word is meant one who insincerely appeals to the passions and prejudices of the people he seeks to control. Mr. La Follette shared the prejudices and the passions of those whom he led. His colleagues who differed from him most decidedly were generally ready to recognize his honesty of purpose. It was inevitable that he should not only oppose but attempt to obstruct the entrance of America into the World War. He thought of that war in purely European terms, as did most of his constituents. He could not conceive of it as an issue involving the soul of America, for the simple reason that he did not understand America's soul. It was not that he consciously wished to weaken his country. On the contrary, after America entered the war he voted to provide the Nation with the resources necessary to prosecute it. His isolation at that time was really symbolic of the isolation of his spirit from the spirit of his country not only at that time but throughout the larger part of his public career.

Of course such a man, representing the antagonism of the hyphenate and the un-Americanized to the American spirit, incurred the active hostility of those who felt themselves particularly the heirs of that spirit. Such a one, for instance, was the late Barrett Wendell, of Harvard. With varying phrase he reiterated his opinion "that no one can be of any nation who feels bound to any other;" and, believing this, he distrusted the Americanism of any who had retained "a particle of direct personal traditions not native to this country." Naturally, such a man was wholly out of patience with La Follette—"a distorted fool-fire, a begrimed Will-o'-the-Wisp," as he called him; and he further characterized him as "fantastic, to me, man and name alike; mistily, freakishly untrue to the vagrant nature of the soul of him." More discerning, because more discriminating, is the comment of one who, though not a native American, now understands and shares the spirit of America. John Spargo, an Englishman by birth and for many years a member and leader of the Socialist Party in the United States, characterized Mr. La Follette's leadership in an article in The Outlook last October. Expressing great admiration for him personally, Mr. Spargo said of Mr. La Follette: "His social philosophy I hold to be antiquated, his political programme to be alien in conception and inimical to the orderly evolution of our life, and his foreign policy to be pregnant with possibility of disaster, not to this Nation alone, but to mankind." And of La Follette's proposal for nationalization Mr. Spargo said: "In essence it is a proposal to check arbitrarily the natural evolution of American economic life along lines prescribed by its own needs and experience, and to force it into channels prescribed by European needs and experience."



(C) Henry Miller News Picture Service, Inc.

Robert Marion La Follette

Born in Primrose, Wisconsin, June 14, 1855; died in Washington, D. C., June 18, 1925

Can any leader take Mr. La Follette's place as the head of those diverse elements whose only common bond is their antipathy to the American tradition? No such leader seems to be in sight. Mr. La Follette was called a radical by some and a progressive by others. There are radical leaders and progressive leaders who may develop conspicuously; but Mr. La Follette's peculiar position in this country was not his by virtue of being a radical or progressive. In no sense did he succeed to the progressive leadership laid down by Mr. Roosevelt. Indeed, he was the advocate of the very things that Mr. Roosevelt most strenuously and successfully fought.

Politically Senator Ladd, whose death has quickly followed that of Senator La Follette, might in one sense have been a successor of Mr. La Follette. But Mr. Ladd was a native of Maine, where he received his university education, and had a New England background. His radicalism was that engendered by his fight against special interests, and his association with Mr. La Follette was not such as to make him the leader of the

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hyphenates. On the other hand, no mere hyphenate could take Mr. La Follette's place, for he would be at once under the suspicion of those whose hyphens pointed in different directions from his.

Senator La Follette's greatest service was undoubtedly rendered to his own State. He upset there a political régime composed of alliances between politics and moneyed interests that were as obnoxious as those existing in any State of the Union. In its place he built up a political machine of which he remained the engineer. In the process he produced laws the benefit of which have extended to other States through imitation. In particular Wisconsin under his leadership pointed the way toward the public control of public service corporations and the modification of the system of more or less oligarchical nominating conventions for which the direct primary is not yet fully a satisfactory substitute. To rehearse even briefly the achievements in Wisconsin since La Follette's rise to control would require space not here available.

In the Senate La Follette's record has been one of contradiction, as elsewhere in his life. It has been marked by constructive achievement. An outstanding instance is the Seamen's Law, which has aroused and still arouses diversity of opinion, but which seems firmly established. During his Senatorial career no one challenged his pre-eminence as a filibusterer. His capacity for speech-making killed legislation even when it was employed only as a threat.

To the casual visitor Mr. La Follette's home life was obviously that which has characterized the sound and wholesome communities of the Middle West. His devotion to his family has been more than once exemplified, but never more poignantly than when he nursed one of his sons back to health while he himself was practically ostracized, or, rather, had virtually ostracized himself. In his career his wife has been his partner, and is expected now that his career is over to carry on.

Mr. La Follette represented an epoch in American political life, or, rather, one aspect of that epoch. He was in a sense a survival of a period when the real struggle in America was between the Government in State or Nation and its creature the corporation. He survived the close of that epoch without recognizing that the epoch had closed. In spite of his claims to the title progressive, he had failed to progress with the times. He will be remembered for what he did; but he will also be remembered for what he tried to do after the need of doing it had passed. He was a rebel. He tried to carry on his revolt after the essentials for which he had been fighting had virtually been won. He had a habit of rebelling and became in the end the captain of that minority whose only ground for rebellion was a lack of understanding of their own country.

When the historian of the future comes to write of the first quarter of the twentieth century in America, one of the figures which it will be necessary for him to paint, in however gloomy colors, will be that of Robert Marion La Follette.

P. & A. Photos

Jesse Livermore, a young and daring speculator, whose manipulation of the price of grain attracted the attention of the Nation and evoked a demand for reforming the methods of the Chicago Grain Exchange

The Starter's Pay

IN the elevator of a small New York office building an inquiring soul recently asked the operator, "What floor is the —— Company on?"

"I don't know," was the answer.

"How long have you worked in this building?"

"Six months."

"Do you know the names of any of the companies in the building?"

"I do not; that's the starter's job. I ain't getting his pay. I don't have to learn the names. Why, I'd have to *study* all the names on that big board in the lobby. That's the starter's job, and I ain't getting his pay."

This is press day, and no time for drawing morals. To paraphrase a familiar advertisement, readers can "roll their own."

The Cure for Grain Gamblers

MARK TWAIN'S famous remark about the weather would seem to apply to the problem of speculation in grain. Everybody talks about it, but so far we have done little, if anything, to check it. The factors in the situation are fairly well known. There is a world demand for wheat that varies but little from year to year. There is a world production of wheat that is on the whole fairly uniform and there are regional areas of production where the annual surplus or shortage may be very wide from normal. There is the question of the consumer's ability to buy bread above a certain price level and his willingness to use substitute foods. There are questions of storage, transportation, holding, foreign exchange, that enter into the problem. The world-wide distribution of wheat production makes any general public knowledge of crop conditions and supplies available at any given time almost impossible. The comparative ease with which the consuming market turns from one producing area to another for its supplies renders regional or National control of the fundamental marketing situation, either by the grain trade or by producers, a seemingly impossible task.

Necessities of the situation require

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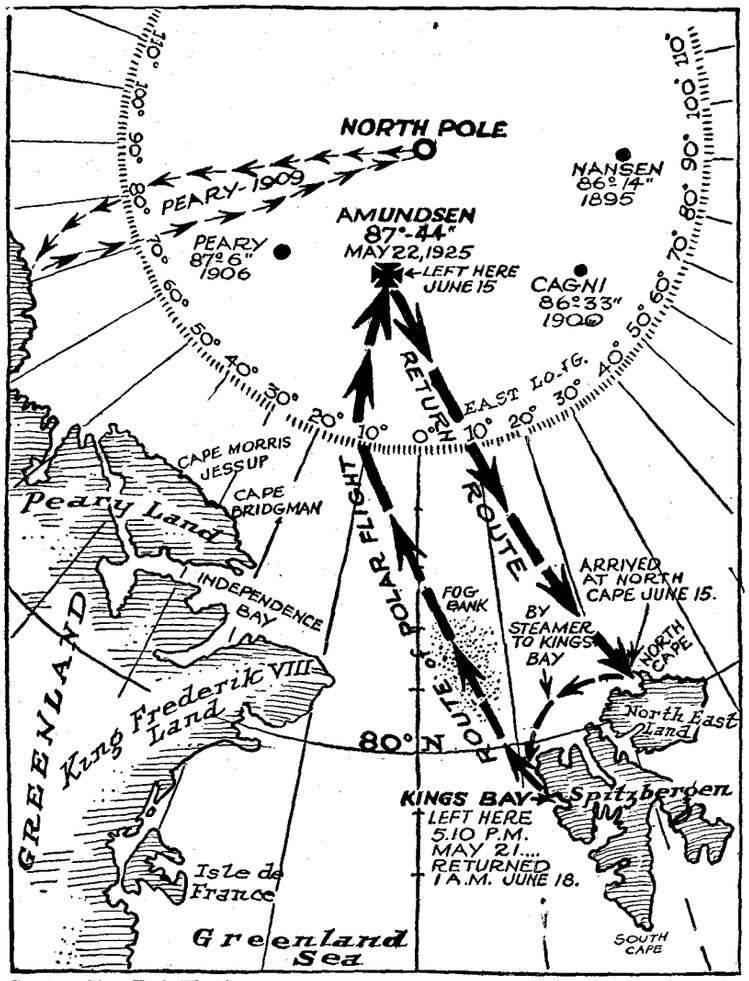

Courtesy New York World

Amundsen's Flight and Return

that wheat grown by the individual farmer shall be transported, graded, and held for milling until the consumers' demand for bread shall operate to bring it into use. This precludes any general holding on the farm by the farmer as an individual. The widely scattered production and the many varieties and bread-making qualities produced equally preclude purchase by the mills of the wheat at harvest time and on or near the farm. The grain trade, with its equipment of exchanges for the transaction of business and elevators for the storing of grain, supplies the necessary connection between farmer and miller. Its business is that of transporting, storing, and holding grain, and more especially wheat. Every transaction of the trade is a speculation into which all the factors above mentioned enter, directly or indirectly.

A broker contracting to deliver wheat to a mill next December is gambling with the weather, Hessian flies, rust, grasshoppers, foreign surpluses—with these not only, but also a score of other factors entering into the price current at the time of delivery. Whether or not he actually has the wheat he contracts to sell is immaterial. Any and every future sale is a speculation, and to legislate future sales out of existence would merely throw the full speculative burden upon the farmer or miller, or both. Under such restrictions, the market would in all probability fluctuate far more violently from day to day and from season to season than it now does. The elimination of the man who has only a gambler's interest in the wheat market is desirable, if it can be accomplished without shoving still farther apart the wheat grower and the miller. Economic law has a way of caring for those who try to set it aside.

The Leiters and the Livermores disturb marketing processes, but they cannot control them. Legislative tinkering is more than likely to disturb business still further and to settle nothing. If the farmers can, through united action on their part, create a grain corporation sufficiently large and well enough financed to handle the bulk of the wheat crop, holding it in storage and letting it out as the mills require, to that extent the situation will solve itself and the speculator will disappear for want of a job. The various attempts at grain marketing now being made by farmers' organizations throughout the country face in this direction, and merit close and friendly interest on the part of the public.

The idea that the wheat grower shall finance and sell his own wheat crop, not to the local elevator, but to the ultimate buyer, the miller who grinds the grain, need not alarm the reader. In its attempt to do this agriculture is only doing what every other big business has done—order and control the merchandising of its own product. In this development, which purposes to make use of the existing necessary agencies of wheat marketing, lies the hope of the elimination of the grain gambler.

Adventure or Exploration?

THERE is always hearty praise for heroic battlers with danger who carry out with intrepidity polar dashes and win against fog, ice, and cold. Amundsen and his five comrades well earned and have rightly received that recognition.

One object of their flight was to test the possibilities of Arctic exploration by airplanes. Even negative conclusions are of value. Amundsen's dash toward the Pole shows how not to carry on airplane investigation of the Arctic regions.

The discoverer of the South Pole has attained the second farthest North record ever made by man—87° 44′. He has confirmed Peary's observation that there is great ocean depth near the Pole. He has once more shown his own resourcefulness in coping with almost insuperable obstacles.

But negatively he has shown also that airplane exploration, as he carried this on, is a desperate adventure, one that may fairly be compared with the first attempt to cross the Atlantic by a no-stop plane flight. A despatch from Oslo quotes Amundsen as saying that "on the South Pole trip equipment always was adequate, the explorers were rarely in peril of their lives and had every reason to believe they could return safely. On the dash just ended the situation was directly contrary." According to this Oslo account by wireless, which we find in the New York "Evening Post," Amundsen added that "the ice was such

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that had we made for Cape Columbia it would have been certain death."

It is quite evident now that the rumors that Amundsen was planning to land on the ice near the Pole and spend several days in observation and calculations, or that he might return by way of Alaska or Greenland, or that he might abandon his planes and march back to Spitzbergen were unfounded. Of course the last might have happened if both planes had gone out of commission. The party might perhaps have subsisted on game and pulled through; but, so far as airplane exploration goes, the conditions as to fuel, supplies, and ice-landing possibilities made anything but direct return by the quickest way highly dangerous.

What actually happened was that the two planes with the six explorers flew north for eight hours after taking off from King's Bay; then they came down in a lane of open water. The men had seen no level ice where they could land; their gasoline was half gone; their northward flight was over. The lane quickly froze up. One plane was injured beyond repair. By strenuous effort the party were brought together, moved the gasoline from the wrecked plane, broke out the sound plane from the ice, destroyed all weight-making material possible, and flew for Cape North, Spitzbergen. All this took twenty-three days. They reached Cape North in eight and a half hours, by remarkable luck found a sealer near there, and reached King's Bay on June 18; altogether about seventeen hours of flying and twenty-five days on the ice and on shipboard. It was a thrilling experience; but it was an adventure (one might almost say a stunt), not an exploring expedition.

Now compare this dash at the Pole with the plan for the MacMillan exploring expedition, which, as we write, is on its way to its first base at Etah, in Greenland. It is no disparagement to Amundsen, whose earlier serious Arctic and Antarctic achievements gave him well-earned renown, to say that the MacMillan plan is the wise way to use the airplane in the Far North.

Relieved of the need of searching for Amundsen, two ships, the Peary and the Bowdoin, after reaching Etah, will forward supplies by the three big "amphibian planes" (so called because they can alight on either land or water) to the flying base at Cape Thomas Hubbard, on Axel Heiberg Land. Several flights will be made from that base, but always by two planes, with one staying at the base, so that if accident happens the third plane (summoned by wireless) can go to the rescue. No dash at the Pole is planned. The flying base will have a wireless station, W.N.P. (Wireless North Pole), that will send news to us at home, and possibly even radio talks. Carrier pigeons will be used. A rubber boat will be carried on each flight. The personnel includes several scientists as well as aviators and explorers.

There are several objectives in mind; the chief is to crisscross by flights the vast unexplored region west of Greenland (a million square miles in extent) and to prove whether Peary and MacMillan were right years ago in thinking they saw the land that Peary called Crocker Land, or whether it was a mirage. MacMillan says that he can cover as much exploration in a day by plane as he did in a month or more in 1913 by dog-teams. By keeping well below the radius of possible flight and returning soon each time to the base the explorers can do thorough and quick work. After this main research is over the explorers mean to fly over the interior of Baffin Island, about which little is known, to explore Ellesmere Island, and to visit the Norse ruins in Greenland and Labrador, about which hover tales and myths of lost Vikings. Photography, microscopy, study of air and sea currents, every form of science applicable, will be carried on.

This kind of expedition seems to point to the true use of the airplane in the North. We may not get so many thrills, but we shall get more knowledge. It is true that such an expedition is costly. In this case it is made practical through the aid of the United States Navy, which furnishes planes and aviators, and of the National Geographic Society, which is providing money and capable scientists.

This is a great American undertaking. It will probably yield something more permanent than danger and excitement.

English Grammar Made Entertaining

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

TO those who have been through the somber terrors of grammatical studies in our secondary schools and colleges the title of this article may seem to be a record of the miraculous. Nevertheless there are at least two standard American books on English grammar and rhetoric which have real literary quality and which may be read—not studied, but read—with the same kind of interest that one gets from good biography or history. I refer to "Words and Their Uses" and "Everyday English," by Richard Grant White, whom I mentioned in last week's Outlook with the promise that I would say more about him in this issue.

Richard Grant White has two claims to distinction: he was a literary critic of first-rate rank, an accomplished Shakespearean scholar, the editor and annotator of one of the best editions of Shakespeare that we have; and he was the father of Stanford White, the architect of the beautiful Madison Square Garden, now being demolished to make place for a more useful and a more modern building. The demolition of Madison Square Garden cannot wipe out the stain of the tragedy which was enacted in it when the gifted architect was shot and killed twenty years ago by Harry Thaw in the very building which the victim had designed as a palace of happiness and pleasure.

Literary critics, however great influence they may exert upon their contemporaries, are rarely permanently embodied in literature. Sainte-Beuve, the Frenchman, and Dr. Johnson, the Englishman, are exceptions that may be said to prove the rule. Nevertheless Richard Grant White does not deserve the place in the limbo of forgotten critics into which I am afraid he has fallen. He was a man of wide scholarship and deep literary cultivation. A graduate of New York University, he first studied medicine, then law, but abandoned both professions for literature. As a young man he wrote newspaper criticisms of current music and art, but his chief work was that of a student of letters and literary expression. He was a life-long enemy of pedantry and of that school of grammarians who regard literary expression as a hard and fast science with fixed and immutable laws. The motto on the title-page of his "Everyday English" is, *"Ratio imperatrix supra grammaticam,"*

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which may be freely translated, Reason is a better master than the rules of grammar. He admits that Latin and Greek have a grammar, but attacks the conventional teaching of English grammar with its loops and diagrams in the following lively passage:

> English grammar is to all intents and purposes dead. The little life it had was so purely fictitious that one smart assault extinguished it forever. The time is coming, and it will be here erelong, when there will be no more thought of teaching an English-speaking boy to use his mother tongue by grammar rules than by teaching astrology. I am often asked why I do not write an English grammar as a text-book according to my own principles. How can I do so, when the very first of my principles, if I have any, in regard to English is that it has no appreciable grammar; that all English grammar books, even the best of them, should be burned; and that the study of language, as one that requires trained faculties, a cultivated judgment, and no little knowledge of literature, should be postponed until a late period of the time passed by young people in study—a notion horrible to many teachers of schools, and utterly abominable to all publishers of school-books.

Richard Grant White's theory fifty years ago, like that in our own day of President Pritchett, of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, was that the true way to learn the use of good English is to read many good books and to talk as habitually as possible with cultivated people. "Usage," he said—"the usage of the most cultivated society—is the only guide."

Another delightful advocate of good usage as a guide in spoken and written English was Henry Alford, a Cambridge scholar who was Dean of Canterbury Cathedral for the last fifteen years of his life, which ended in 1871. Among theologians he is known as the editor of a monumental edition of the New Testament in Greek, but for the layman perhaps his most useful, certainly his most entertaining book is "A Plea for the Queen's English," published sixty years ago. It is many years since I have seen this little volume, which I wish I owned but do not, yet I still remember his semi-humorous but essentially serious defense of the phrase "It is me." The French, he argued, use the phrase *C'est moi;* why should we not say, It is me? Dean Alford would have enjoyed a story that was traditional at Princeton during the administration of its famous President Dr. James McCosh. A party of undergraduate revelers in one of the dormitory rooms were disturbing the academic quiet late at night. Dr. McCosh went up to suppress the disturbance and, knocking at the door, demanded admittance. "Who's there," came a voice from within. "It's me, Dr. McCosh!" was the reply. "Get out!" answered the voice; "if it were 'Jimmy,' he'd say 'it is I!'" Whether the quick-witted undergraduate knew it was the President and took this method of using a rule of grammar for self-protection tradition does not say; but it does assert that Dr. McCosh, somewhat abashed, turned on his heel and left the rioters undisturbed.

As evidence that a scholarly book on orthoëpy, orthography, and philology may be entertaining I am tempted to quote one of Richard Grant White's stories. He is discussing the changes in pronunciation which good usage makes and points out, what is commonly known, that *clerk* is pronounced *clark* in England and *clurk* in this country. It is not so commonly known, he adds, that *certain, servant,* and *merchant* were formerly correctly pronounced *sartain, sarvant,* and *marchant* just as *sergeant* is universally pronounced *sargeant* both by military men and civilians to-day. In the days of Dr. Johnson careful people uttered the obscure sound of *i* before *r* as we all now sound *ai* in the words *air* or *fair*. Thus *firm* was pronounced *fairm* not *furm,* and *virtue* was pronounced *vairtue* not *vurtue*. David Garrick on the stage began to adopt what has since become the accepted pronunciation of these words. Whereupon, says Richard Grant White, a Dr. Hill wrote a pamphlet attacking him for his misuse of the letter *i* and Garrick replied in the following epigram:

TO DR. HILL, UPON HIS PETITION OF THE LETTER I TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQRE.

If 'tis true, as you say, that I've injured a letter
I'll change my note soon, and I hope for the better;
May the just right of letters, as well as of men,
Hereafter be fixed by the tongue and the pen.
Most devoutly I wish that they both have their due,
That I may be never mistaken for U.

Applying Richard Grant White's test of good usage helps me to answer two correspondents. One, a daily newspaper editor in Georgia, thinks that I endeavored to lay down "an absolute rule" regarding the use of "shall" and "will" in my criticism of a college president in The Outlook for June 3. That is exactly what I endeavored not to do. There is no such rule, and cannot be, in my judgment. "We small-town editors," says my correspondent, "as a rule view good English only from afar off, and must look to the better type of magazines like The Outlook for guidance. I would not write this but for the hope that you will reply and throw new light on the subject." My answer is: Read Chapter XXIII on "Shall and Will" in "Everyday English." Although written more than fifty years ago, it sheds ever new and—in no punning sense—ever white light on the subject.

Another editor, this time of a New York weekly, writes as follows:

> Will not Mr. Lawrence F. Abbott, who reflects so justly upon the use of the words "like" and "will" where "as" and "shall" are indicated (June 3 issue), put us further in his debt by offering some comments on the use of the word "dependable" in an editorial article on page 176 of the same number? To me the word appears to mean that which may be depended, or hanged, and the writer is speaking of the Republican majority in the Senate! I have rarely before now seen "dependable" outside of advertisements, where words lose their character and are malformed.

Perhaps the editorial writer in The Outlook wished covertly to express his opinion that there are some Republican Senators who are dependable in the technical sense alluded to by my correspondent. If he used the word as a synonym of "trustworthy," good authority supports him. The Century defines "dependable" as being synonymous with reliable. Mark Pattison, one of the most fastidious of English university critics, calls Alexander Pope the most consummate master of literary craft in the long line of English poets; and Pope speaks in one of his poems of "dependable friendships" in the sense of reliable or trustworthy friendships. By good usage dependable has come to mean reliable, although the logical inference from its root would be that it means "hangable." Richard Grant White would, I am afraid, find both my correspondent and myself guilty of what he calls the fault of "a fussy taking of thought about propriety and grammar in speech."

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Eastern Europe and Its Communists

By M. W. ROYSE

A picture of Soviet ideals through the eyes of peasants

COMMUNISM in the border countries of Soviet Russia has humbled itself into a bread-and-butter movement. It is no longer a revolutionary code of involved social and economic theories, nor an organized attempt at establishing a new social order. Peasants and workers have cleansed it of radical stench and Marxian taint and converted it into a stomach affair, primitive but positive. A few advanced radicals still demand something more than the assurance of mere food and shelter—theorists who still dream of a Communist society with all property enjoyed in common. Down on earth the peasants and workers think of Communism in terms of food, wages, land, and easier conditions. Their Communism is natural, simple, and pleasant; neither anti-social nor dangerous, something to be grasped, used, or eaten.

THROUGHOUT eastern Europe to-day there are thousands of villages with their peasants awkwardly fondling a vague panacea of free land, no taxes, and the happy combination of more food and less work. Rumors everywhere persist of fellow-peasants in Communist Russia who have acquired as much as forty acres of free land, who have no overlords, no hated tax-collectors, and no police. That is the peasant's idea of Communism—a hazy notion, but clung to tenaciously.

Stepan, spokesman of a group of tattered, barefoot villagers in Polish Ukrainia, complained that the cows had stopped giving milk because the grass on the village common was devoured before it had time to grow an inch.

"We have no pasture but the village green," he said, "and our bits of plowland bring us little feed. Bread is not plentiful, and we have no spare feed for the cows and pigs."

A villager owned a cow, a pig, and a hen or two. Some managed without a cow, and several had no pigs or hens. Yet Stepan's village was not of the poorest. There were twelve acres of village green. Some peasants owned eight acres of ground. The half-grown barley, however, was scraggy, with a generous mixture of stones and yellow mustard weed. Neglect and shiftlessness was everywhere apparent.

"We need more land," added another peasant; "then we'll have food, as it is with our brethren in Russia."

Ukrainians from Russia sometimes visited the village, it seems, and told the peasants that they were fools to starve on two-acre plots while the great landlords lived like kings on their vast estates.

Photo by Major H. C. McLain

A Latgalian peasant of the muzhik type

"What do you hear from Russia?" the peasants were asked.

"Good news," replied an old man. "Comrades tell us the peasants there are building new homes, as the forests are free. And plows and machines have been given them."

"The other day," said another peasant, "a young fellow told me the peasants near Kiev all had at least ten acres of free land. In the old days that meant a fortune."

"And that is not all," continued the old man. "They say taxes are now low over there, but next year there will be no taxes at all. The peasants there want no meddling tax-collectors."

"So you think Communism good for the peasant?"

There was no reply. Other questions were asked—on state ownership of land and forests, on peasant co-operatives, communes, and peasants' councils—but Stepan could not answer, for he, like his brother villagers, was totally immune from economic and political theories. His world was the straw-thatched village, and his life rotated about his plot of ground. Newspapers occasionally found their way into the village, but none could read Polish. The village elder knew simple Russian, but newspaper language is not peasant language.

Latvian peasants on a confiscated baronial estate complained that food was scarce. They had been given the plowland, a Parliament Deputy reserving for himself the orchard, meadowland, and château.

"In Czar Nikolai's time we had work and free pasturage on the lord's estate. And we ate meat then, and drank vodki."

"You are free citizens to-day, and the lord's land has been given you. But you prefer the old days before the war?" the peasants were asked.

"Only bad land has been given us," answered one peasant.

"We are not free," said another. "We have no free pasture, no free forests, and the officials want to tax us. In Russia the forests are free and the peasant keeps everything."

"You can vote to-day and elect your own officials."

No answer.

"Don't you vote?"

Again no answer. The peasants remembered being told at times to place an "X" after a name, but no one knew or cared what it was all about. They were interested in food, and would gladly have exchanged all their suffrage rights for the bread and meat Communism promised them.

Batyushka, a village priest in Bessarabia, lamented the change in his peasants. They neglected their religious duties and came to him only to have pamphlets read—wicked petitions that promised the peasants all sorts of impossible things and aroused them against the officials and estate owners. The priest himself had little love for the Rumanians, but he feared the violence which seemed inevitable if the peasants were not brought back into the fold. Petroff, the village elder, thought otherwise. The Church could wait until the peasants had bread, and bread depended upon land. The officials long ago had promised them land, but only a few Rumanian peasants

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got any. The great landlords no longer felt secure, and were offering land to the peasants, but at impossible prices. Comrades from Russia said that all the peasants there had land, and that the peasants in one district had been given a machine for threshing their grain. In Bessarabia the peasants were given nothing. They were not even left in peace.

Freedom to the peasant means emancipation from police and tax officials. The peasant protests loudly when the police use his horse and cart. The police call it requisitioning, but the peasant regards it as outrageous piracy and curses every official in the land. Taxes from the peasants were always slow forthcoming, to-day even more so. The peasant since the war is poorer, the governments more in need. Officials are forced to collect a good share of the taxes in kind, and the delinquent peasant who has his hens or pigs confiscated curses the tax-collector and longs for the Communism that will deliver him from official pests.

The peasants of Latvia last year were furious at what they called "murderous" taxes. Bread was scarce, and they refused to share it with the officials. The tax on an eight-acre peasant holding turned out to be 750 rubles (about three dollars), an amount few peasants were disposed to hand over to the officials. The Government, however, made no serious attempt to force payment among the poorer peasants where opposition was bitter, preferring to denude the nationalized forests in attempting to balance the Budget rather than risk rebellion.

The Estonian peasants at the time were on the verge of open rebellion. The insistent Government had failed to collect taxes, but had succeeded in greatly arousing the countryside. Agitators had been unusually active, and the Communist Party at the late elections had carried many districts. Taxes were low, but the peasants had been told that the peasants in Russia paid nothing. A peasant holding of four acres, including horse, cow, pig, and hens, was assessed about $1.85. A remark that the tax didn't seem exorbitant angered the peasants, who vowed it robbery. Few peasants owned so much cash, and the officials simply took what they could lay hands on. Peasants over in Russia were said to live in peace, while they were plagued by tax-collectors.

Poland has compulsory fire insurance, the Government charging the small peasants about one dollar a year for insuring their huts against fire. The straw-thatched log huts are excellent firewood, and villages are often aflame—a fact which explains the old saying that, "Peasant Russia rebuilds every ten years." Complaints were heard in every village against this "robber" tax.

"Do you want the tax reduced?" a village elder in eastern Poland was asked.

"So would be better, perhaps."

"Perhaps you prefer no tax at all."

"Why not? The peasants in Russia pay nothing."

"Do you think your Government can operate without revenues?" the peasant was asked.

There was no reply.

"Who do you think pays your men in Parliament, the army, the officials, and school-teachers?"

The village elder vowed ignorance. He knew of no Parliament. He knew the army, but only in fear. The officials he knew only as tyrants.

"What do you think is done with your taxes?"

"The officials get everything."

"Do you think they keep it for themselves?"

"We know nothing of that," was the surly reply. "All we want is to be left in peace."

Experienced agitators, at opportune moments, can arouse a village and turn its peasants into dangerous direct-actionists. A Russian priest told of an incident. It was in Latgalia, a backward province of Latvia—a land of bog and forest, with illiterate Russian and Lettish peasants and Polish landlords. A Government official had been murdered by the peasants in a burst of rage over taxation. A radical comrade had aroused them, and the priest could do nothing. No guns were at hand, so the peasants armed themselves with clubs. But no one knew what to do. No enemy was available, there were no more officials to maltreat; in fact, there was no place to go, with all their eagerness for action. The visiting comrade had slipped away unnoticed, and there was no one to lead the peasants. Some of the more active peasants had gone over to the next village, but the peasants there were in no quarreling mood and had frowned upon their neighbors' undue excitement. Next morning the village was again normal, excitement having simmered down again into the usual glum discontentment.

Peasants will not tolerate any programme that interferes with village life and peasant ways, no matter how benevolent its object. Government officials are forever interfering, it seems, with sacred peasant traditions. This arouses the peasants and gives the agitator an opportunity to point out the unmolested existence of peasants in Russia.

Polish attempts at land reform failed through peasant aversion to changes. Peasants everywhere in eastern Europe cluster in villages, and a peasant's five acres may be made up of a dozen strips of ground scattered round about the village. The Polish officials tried to persuade the peasants to agree on a redistribution, each peasant getting back his original acreage in one lump. The peasants refused. They wanted more land, not a reshifting of their small plots. The officials pointed out that land in small strips was hard to till, as a horse could hardly turn around without stepping on a strange field; that time was wasted going from one strip to another; that the young men loafed away most of their time in the village. But the peasants wanted no reforms. They enjoyed village life, with all its loafing; furthermore, it was their custom.

Nothing could budge the peasant from

Photo by Major H. C. McLain

Market day among the peasants

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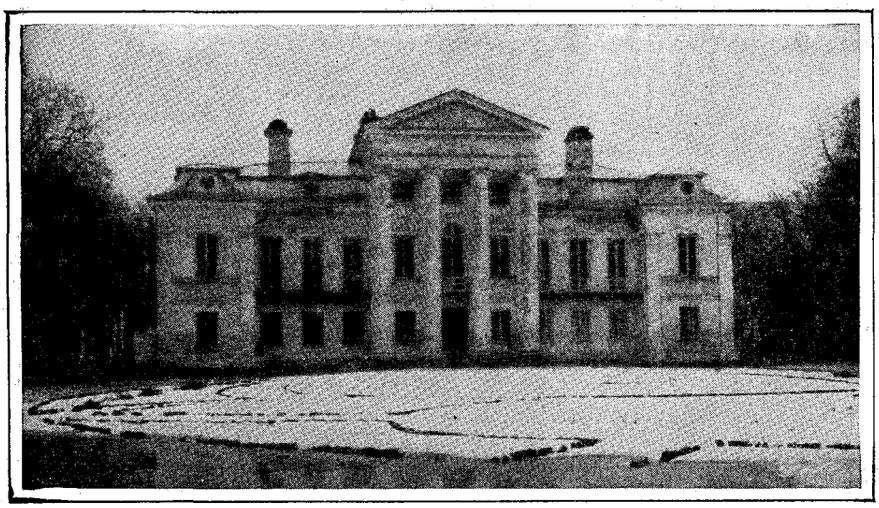

Photo by Major H. C. McLain

Manor houses which were formerly owned by the landlords have been divided by the Latvian peasants into one-room apartments—one whole family with its chickens and pig to a room

his village. He pictures Communist Russia as a peasant's paradise, yet rarely emigrates there. Complaining villagers were often asked why they didn't move over into Russia. The question invariably startled them—it hadn't occurred to them. But their fathers and fathers' fathers had died in the village, and they too would die there. Such countries as Latvia, Poland, and Rumania, now holding Russian territory, would hardly make serious efforts to stop the millions of Russian peasants from deserting their native villages and emigrating *en masse* to Soviet Russia, as it would provide land for the surplus masses of national majorities and also settle the embarrassing race question. But the Russian peasant in these countries remains. He knows no Russia other than his village, and he has no intention of wandering off in search of a Communist paradise. Like all other peasants, he sticks fast to his plot of ground and waits for Communism and all its blessings to come to him.

Peasants at times even resent schools being forced upon them. The following remarks of an old Lithuanian are characteristic of the peasant everywhere. His village, near Dvinsk, had been asked to build a schoolhouse. No hut was available, and the children would otherwise go without schooling. The villagers refused to bother; the officials insisted, and the result was an aroused peasantry. The Government finally dropped the matter.

"Didn't you think it worth while building a schoolhouse?" the villager was asked.

"Yes, schooling is good."

"You had no means for building a hut?"

"We are too poor."

"But doesn't the Government give you logs?"

"Logs are not enough. We need nails and other things; then there's work. We are too busy, without having the officials forcing more work upon us."

"Your children grow up without being able to spell their names. You will have them wait another year or two?"

"And why not? We old folks are good peasants without schooling. But then we shall build a schoolhouse in time."

The peasant is a rock-ribbed conservative. No one, not even the reactionary estate owner, is a more passionate worshiper of property. His plot of ground is more sacred to him than his right arm. His Communism forever excludes land Socialism.

Keerko, an Estonian village elder, was amazed at the remark that true Communism meant the nationalizing of all property, including each peasant holding, horse, pig, and plow.

"Keerko," warned a fellow-peasant, "do not believe the stranger. He is not a friend of the peasant. So monstrous a thing has never been heard."

"No, stranger," said Keerko, "so is not true. Only an enemy of the poor peasant could tell you so blasphemous a lie."

"Do you say I shall lose my six acres?" another astonished peasant asked.

"It will no longer be your property," the peasant was told, "for in a Communist society everything is public."

"Bah, stranger," answered Keerko, "some one has deceived you. Perhaps the rich landlord told you these lies."

"No, Keerko," he was told; "in a Communist land you may only live and work on the land, but neither own it, nor sell it, nor pass it on to your children."

"You are wrong, stranger," answered Keerko. "Only an enemy of the peasant could talk so. I shall keep my land, and later my sons shall have it."

Keerko and his fellow-peasants would not believe. Their Communism—their utopia—robbed no peasant of his land.

PEASANT sympathy is lodged in the peasant's stomach. Estonian radicals at last year's local elections recognized this, and won sweeping victories. Orthodox politicians preferred a more dignified approach, and lost. The peasant turned a deaf ear to official reminders of peasant progress under the republican Government. The appeals included in the following summary failed to move him:

> Before the war you were an economic serf dependent upon your landlord. You are now a free citizen in a free country.
>
> Before the war the landlord was your master. He could judge and beat you. Your children could not go to school, or marry, without his permission. Under our free Government you are your own master, equal to every one.
>
> Before the war your landlords had most of the land. You worked as poor renters, or as domestics, on his estates, with no opportunity to advance. To-day you have the lord's lands, thanks to your Government, which has also helped you in other ways.
>
> Before the war you had no political rights, no right to vote. Your educated sons could not practice here, but had to go abroad to be lawyers, doctors, and engineers. In those days none of you could be officials. To-day you can vote, hold office, and work at anything. Your President is a peasant's son, and so are most officials. There are no divided interests to-day between officials, business men, workers, and peasants. All are Estonians, sons of the land.

The peasants responded instead to the radical appeals included in the following summary:

> There is no freedom until the worker and peasant are liberated from the *bourgeois*. Before the war the landlords and Czarist officials oppressed us. To-day our own officials oppress us, growing rich while we starve. The banks charge 70 per cent for three-month loans, and a poor peasant must pay back nearly 400 marks for every hundred he borrowed the year before. A poor peasant cannot obtain land because he hasn't the wherewithal to bribe the officials. Only the richer peasants get land for their children. The peasants and workers must take control, as the Russians have done, then they will have

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land, food, and peace. Otherwise they will starve and fare worse than before the war.

The Communists in Estonia won the peasant vote because the peasant prefers pork sausage to his Bill of Rights. Political and social rights are obscure things which only confused the peasants. Communism promised tangible results—bread, meat, land, freedom from taxation—so they put their "X" on the Communist list.

The peasant, in short, has hauled Communism from the gutter, purged it of profanity, dressed it in a clean peasant shirt, and brought it into his home and Church. It is no longer anti-state, anti-capital, anti-Church. At the same time it is no longer the Communism of the Western world; but then the peasant in eastern Europe is not concerned with ethics or morals. Orthodox politicians can safely rely upon his support, providing they feed and shelter him.

Why Washington Wins

By GEORGE MARVIN

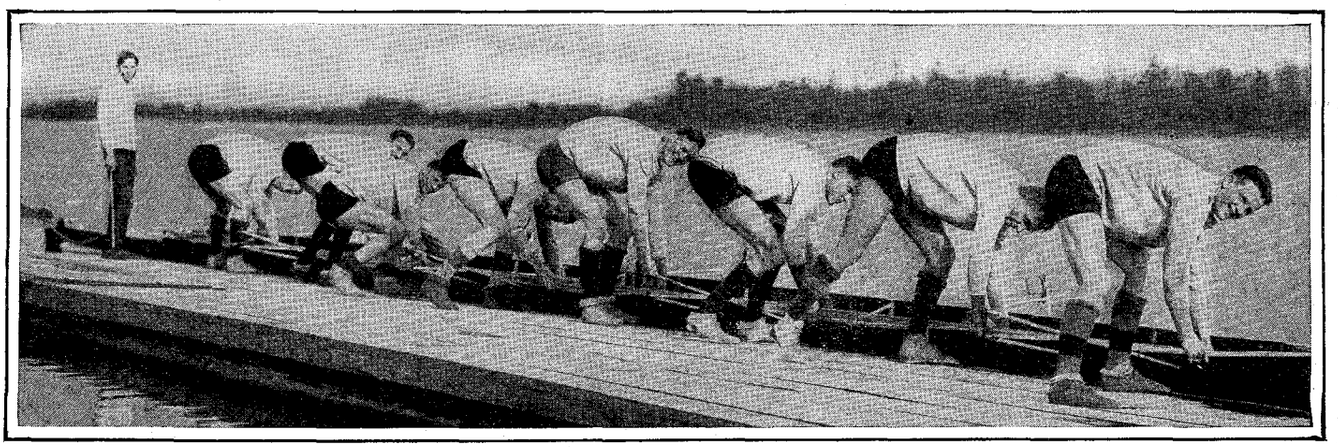
The supremacy of Pacific coast rowing in intercollegiate and international competition

CALLOW is one of the reasons—"Rusty" Callow, a lumberjack sold body and soul on righteousness and rowing. There are several other reasons remote and immediate to account for the rowing supremacy of this young Pacific coast college during the past two years, but coach Callow is the most vivid, the most obvious, the most insistent.

Friday, June 5, was the last day of rowing on Lake Washington for the current season. That morning the entire squad had weathered their final examinations, and early in the afternoon, in overalls, flannel shirts, and khaki, they carried their racing shells from the boathouse—"*One,* two, three, four. Shells left into line, march!"—up the hilly road, and stowed them deftly in the special "horse car" provided by the faraway Poughkeepsie-touching New York Central and parked on a lumber siding. Piano-movers cannot move gossamer racing shells; only their own crews can properly and safely handle them in or out of the water, their skins less than an eighth of an inch in thickness and their structure resembling the framework of a Japanese fan. After the shells into the troop train—"*trois bateaux, huit hommes*"—went the speedy coaching launch Husky, a matter of trucking and heavy lifting and shoring up and carpentry to clear with the projecting propeller the floor of the car. And every bit of this stevedore work was done by the sixteen men composing the Varsity and Second Varsity crews, who had rowed a four-mile time trial the afternoon before, had sat up till midnight and after grinding for that final bunker of the academic requirement, which might have kept some of them out of the boat and out of the race after months of patient dedication, and then had spent all the morning hours surviving that same test. Their books went first to the examiners who were waiting to pass upon them in special session, and even as "the huskies" were chanting their ships into the waiting railroad car for the long haul across the continent to the Hudson the news came down by motor car from the acropolis that all of them had come safe through the long haul of the college year.

Hovering over the transshipment of his navy like a mother hen over her brood, but innocent of a hen's pomposity, a red-headed, ruddy-faced, neat-footed giant in a gray suit bossed the job. When extra planks were needed or an additional heave wanted, his were the hands and the bending back. "All right, Rusty," "Sure, Rusty," came the instant responses to his orders and cautions. There was the relationship right there—big brother, pal, leader; the fundamental "comitatus" ideal at the basis of Anglo-Saxondom, the fighting group held together primarily by affection and mutual trust.

At five that evening, their migrating fleet safely housed and their year's work done, the Washington crews—four of them—were out on the water for their last practice. By tradition this last of all workouts was in holiday mood, discipline slightly relaxed, strain gone, a bit of extra abandon not unbecoming. Every crew was boated in a strange shell and pulled with unfamiliar oars. Only a man who has sat in a racing eight knows how unsettling such conditions are. Two of the shells were patched and dust-covered and one leaked so badly that its crew after twenty minutes' rowing had to turn about and pull for the float with the outriggers of their shell awash. Number Seven in the second crew couldn't straighten his legs, and a trained eye could spot a man here and there working under mechanical difficulties. Not a word



Launching their shell on Washington Lake. All shove off together, sitting down as the shell clears the float—a delicate piece of watermanship

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of complaint, not a word of explanation, not anywhere among those thirty-two intent young faces an expression of irritation or impatience. In fact, not a word of any kind from anybody except from monolithic "Rusty," standing up amidships in the little makeshift launch and carrying on through a megaphone his own peculiar style of coaching. To him every one of those whalebone swinging bodies was a distinct personality, not a number:

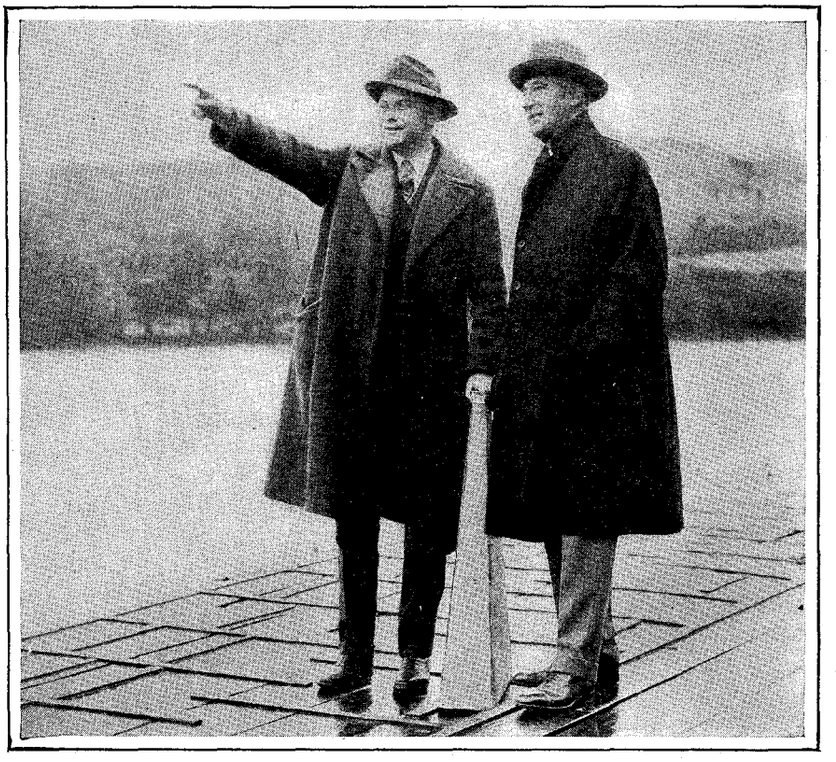
"Remember what I told you yesterday, Norm."

"Comin' over on your other side, Arthur; head her off a little."

"Jim, *get your shoulders outa the bow!*"

Reason number two why Washington wins—*"shoulders out of the bow."* This won't be clear to the layman or the laywoman, though it was abundantly observable in every one of the shells skimming like huge water-bugs over the reflecting surface of the lake. It is a technical reason and exceedingly contributive. To explain: The total live weight of the eight men in the Varsity boat, for example, will run close to three-quarters of a short ton. And this weight is shifted, on an average, thirty times a minute up and down a ship which has a dead-weight of only 240 pounds. At the end of every stroke the live tonnage is heaved backward and partially downward towards the bow of the boat. While the oars remain in the water this transference of weight is compensated and distributed mainly into the headway of the shell, but, once the oars are released at the commencement of the recover, that weight is exerted momently and inertly against the buoyancy—and therefore against the headway—of a craft which is literally nothing but a shell.

So much would seem to be self-evident. But differing schools of coaching attach varying importance to this part of the stroke. Oxford and Cambridge swing back far beyond the perpendicular and are comparatively deliberate in getting forward from a semi-recumbent position at the end of each stroke. Syracuse and Pennsylvania and Columbia, coached by professional scullers, show the ease of sculling in merging all parts of the stroke together in smooth uniformity. Washington gets away aft from the finish of each stroke like lightning. A quarter of a mile away it is this flash that gives the ictus to the rhythm of the stroke, hands and shoulders rebounding almost together as the blades sweep back on the feather like the wings of a hurrying gull. As a consequence, the shell does not "bury" at the finish of each stroke, with a corresponding loss of the headway just imparted, but continues onward with a uniform water-line. All eight men "get their shoulders out of the bow" and their weight transferred over the center of gravity and against their "stretchers" (foot-braces) in the twinkling of an oar. And their rudder-post, in its unchecked flight through a foaming wake, tells the story of undiminished speed maintained by a wonderfully smooth and deliberate recover. Cornell, for seventeen years under the teaching of Charles Courtney, won four-mile boat races by similar methods. No recover could be more perfect than that of Courtney's best crews, but the best of them had not so instant a rebound from stroke to recover as the "Huskies" of Washington. Here, then, in brief, is the second effective ingredient of victory.



"Rusty" Callow and Walter Camp on the float at Seattle. One of the traditional figures of Eastern athletics and the triumphant coach of Western rowing supremacy

Other causes bear their proportionate share. Seattle, as everybody knows, is built more or less on Puget Sound. It is also built around two fresh-water lakes which have been thrown together in one great landlocked inner harbor by cutting a canal through the narrow isthmus which once separated Lake Washington from Lake Union. The resulting body of water resembles a huge ramifying dumb-bell, and the University crews, from the position of their boat-house, where a new drawbridge spans the connecting handle, have a choice of rowing water to fit any and all possibilities of wind and weather. Always they can find a lea and smooth reaches of water under the heights of the city or the pine-clad hills beyond, whence on clear days rises the snowy summit of Mount Rainier as Fujiyama dominates and determines many a suburban vista in the neighborhood of Tokyo. And, with an oddly similar propriety, the Japan Current gives to the Pacific coast of the State of Washington a climate that makes rowing an all-year-round sport. Washington crews have never had to use rowing-machines or tanks or any of the other indoor and artificial appliances which Eastern colleges have to depend upon for their early training. No ice ever forms on Seattle's navigable waters, and every Washington oarsman learns to row and does all his rowing in the open air and on open water. The boating season at the University begins at the end of September with the opening of the academic year, continues to the middle of December, reopens on January 10, and, with the exception of two weeks in April following the annual race with the University of California, extends throughout the entire winter and spring terms until approximately the middle of June.

So much for reason number three. Reason number four may be found in the institution of the "crew house." At Washington, as in many other colleges and universities, a large proportion of the undergraduate enrollment live in fraternal groups together, eating and lodging, entertaining, and having their social being in separate houses distinguished by combinations of Greek letters. At Washington no freshman or other

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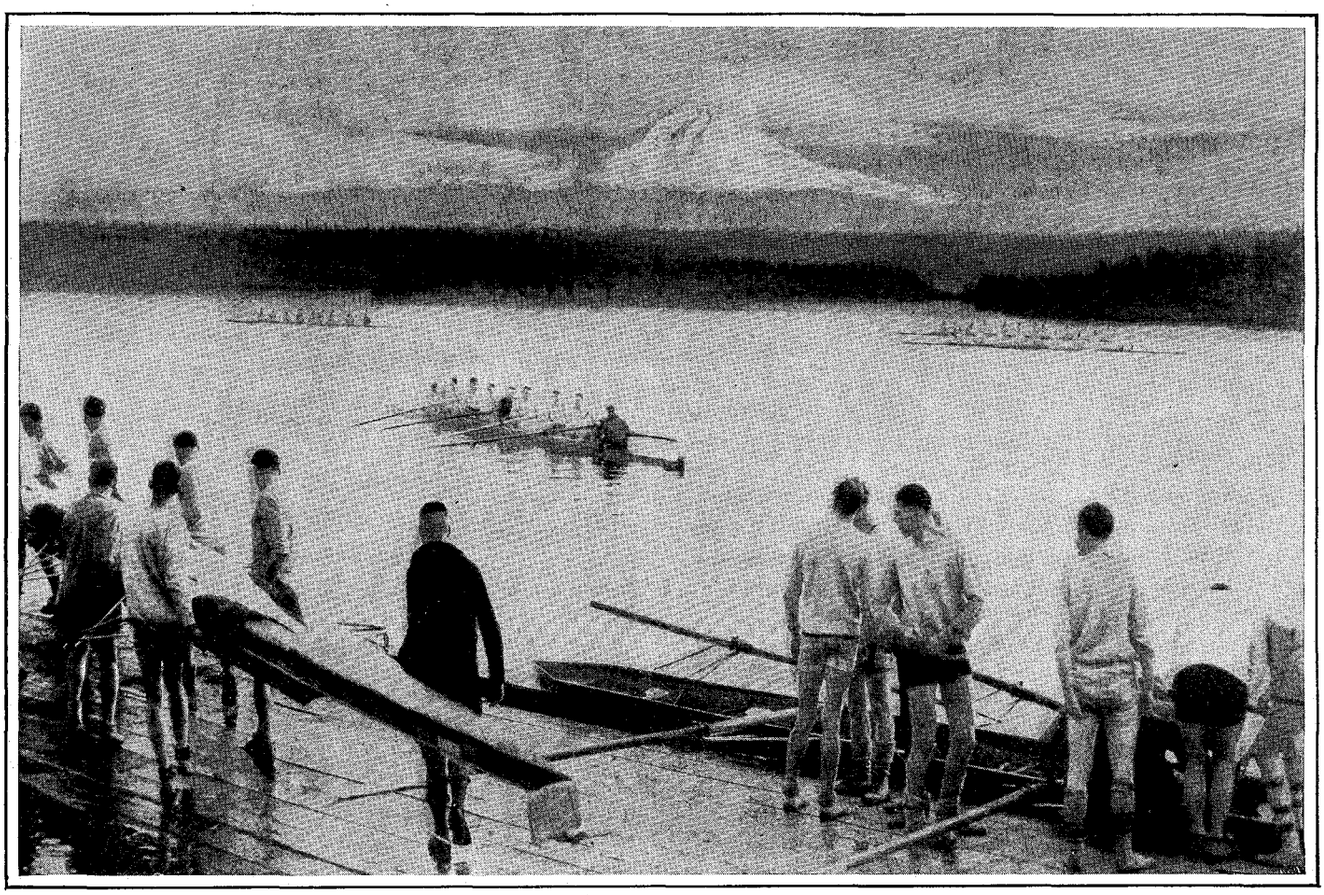
first-year man is eligible to represent the University in competitive sport. Any upper-class man who has demonstrated his qualities of oarsmanship and character with sufficient excellence to become a candidate for the University crew—and this field generally includes the personnel of four crews—becomes thereby a member of the fraternity of the oar. His fraternity house is the "crew house," and there, in the language of rural journalism, he "makes his home" during most of the college year. The quarters are ample, the food of the best, the living co-operative and as cheap as it can be made. During months of living together the crew squad becomes one big family. Twenty-five years ago they used to say on the banks of the Charles that a crew that sang at its meals always moved swiftly over the face of the waters. Experience supported the belief. By the same reasoning a crew that lives together in harmony and content through the months and seasons of impressionable college years should arrive at a unison of mind and spirit worth lengths on race day. Unity—a refinement of eightfold unity beyond that attainable or even workable in any other form of competitive sport—is fundamental in four-mile rowing. A crew may violate every principle of sound oarsmanship, but, so they violate them all together and possess strength and endurance enough to compensate lost motion, may still prove a formidable competitor over short distances. A four-oar from Toronto, the laughing-stock of the Thames for a fortnight at Henley many years ago, survived all its heats and was narrowly defeated in the final by a first-class Leander four.

At Washington the University Boat Club has never employed a professional trainer to look after the conditioning of the men, and this year a doctor, who volunteered his services, accompanied the crew to Poughkeepsie for the first time. The coach is likewise the trainer. Until this year he has been also the doctor, and until this year, when for the first time an assistant has been engaged to coach the under-varsity and freshman candidates, he has had the entire responsibility for the instruction of all varsity and freshman candidates. These are onerous and exacting duties, considerably facilitated by the domiciling of the entire rowing fraternity under one roof. "Rusty" Callow has performed them all during the two years that Washington has swept the Pacific coast in hollow style and then come East to sweep the Hudson in the Intercollegiate championship. "Rusty" makes out the menus for all meals and makes all minor repairs on shells and oars. The major repairs are made by George Pocock, who may be reasonably indexed as reason number five why Washington University and Washington coaches, using his shells, win so many boat-races the world over.

The Pocock brothers came to Seattle thirteen years ago from England via British Columbia, bringing with them the fine art of building racing shells of cedar handed down from father to son in their shops at Eton. They are master boat-builders. For more than ten years they have been building custom shells to fit successive Washington crews so nicely proportioned, balanced, and rigged that they have attracted National attention. At Poughkeepsie last month, besides Washington, three of the competing university crews—Wisconsin, Syracuse, and the Navy—are boated in Pocock shells. The University of California in the West and Croton School in Massachusetts also use them. At New London both Harvard and Yale raced in boats built on the same designs; the Yale shells, however, were put together at New Haven by Dick Pocock, who followed Ed Leader, Callow's predecessor at Washington, the now famous builder of the championship Olympic Yale crew of 1924 and coach of this year's winning



The crews of the University of Washington on Washington Lake, Seattle, with Mount Rainier in the background (the mountain that approaches nearest to the symmetry of Fujiyama)

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eight. For the Washington eights, always rangy men averaging 175 pounds or more, a special type of shell has been designed—only four new ones have been built since 1912, successive crews using the same shells as long as they are stanch—adapted to the type of stroke which has proved so successful both at Poughkeepsie and New London these last three years. The dimensions and structure of this standard craft and the proportions and making of the oars, patented by the Pococks, constitute in themselves material for a more technical article on rowing.

It would be a very artificial analysis of the reasons for the extraordinary success of Washington rowing which left out of consideration the motive power, the men themselves who sit in the racing boats and earn the painful glory of the four-mile race. All of them this year are residents of the State of Washington, and all are poor in this world's goods. Some of them will have to work hard all summer in order to come back to college late in the autumn term. Ulbrickson, the stroke, and Luft, number two and captain of the crew, who graduate this year, are honor men of the highest grade. Win or lose, the crew never breaks training. Their personal habits sound like Sunday-school literature; only one of them ever smokes, and the Eighteenth Amendment is part of each individual's constitution. For similar reasons Paavo Nurmi wins a procession of foot races and establishes a succession of world's running records. Like him, these men are always in training. Their rowing season is not an interruption in the character of their lives, but part and parcel of it. They row as they live, vitally and simply.

With material such as this and plenty of it, given every mechanical advantage of craftsmanship in the application of its power, and guided and disciplined willingly by one of themselves, a lumberman, a Christian, and a child at heart, is it any wonder that Washington wins?

The Conrad Who Sat for Me

By WALTER TITTLE

A pen picture of Conrad by the artist whose portrait of the great novelist appears on the cover

A COLD thrill of apprehension passed over me as I opened the door to leave my apartment on the morning of August 4. Gazing up from the front page of the newspaper that lay on the threshold was the face of Joseph Conrad. Having left him a few months previously at his home in England, I felt that news about him was not likely to be good news. During the previous autumn and winter I had witnessed his sufferings, and since my departure the letters I received had but slight improvement to record. No new novel was forthcoming, I knew, to bring him so soon again into the world's headlines, and another visit to America was impossible. I seized the journal hoping against hope, but my surmise was right. Joseph Conrad was dead.

Well I knew that the world was grieving for its irreparable loss, but mine was a personal sorrow. He had allowed me to taste of the friendship of which his great heart was capable, and sweet was the quality of the friendship of this man of fire and tenderness. To few people was this privilege accorded, simply because he had not surplus strength to expend in a multiplicity of attachments. Of necessity he was on the defensive against new acquaintances, however desirable and pleasant they might prove to be, and often did I marvel, as did he, at the fortunate circumstance, recorded in a previous article, that favored me. Comparative solitude was imperative to this tortured body that for years had lagged, perforce, behind his energetic soul, and great was the anguish of the brain, filled with creations demanding birth from a body too frail to endure the travail.

This creative impulse seemed merciless in its exactions, coloring its possessor's every act. Repose was almost an impossibility for him; in conversation, laughter and gesture, a vast amount of precious nervous energy was invariably consumed. At times he would be the gayest of the gay, burning up any additional strength that might have accumulated as the result of a more fortunate night's rest than was usual with him, and often in the midst of his gayety an expression of hopeless anguish would appear upon his face, to be expelled with an obvious effort that finally would resolve itself into a brilliant smile. Sometimes when we were alone the smile would fail, and once, after a most violent attack of coughing that left him weak and gasping for breath, he confided to me his fears that he had not long to live.

"I don't want my family to know about this," he said. "It would give them added cause for worry, and would do no good, but I am sure there is something vitally wrong with me here," touching his chest. "I would like to live longer, life is so short at best; there is so much work to do, and so little time and energy with which to achieve it. Not only would I like to live to excel my previous literary efforts, but I want to see my family well provided for and my boys matured and fully established before I pass on."

I endeavored as best I could to convince him that his trouble was due to nervousness from overwork, and that rest and relaxation would restore him to health. He seemed to be eager to grasp some hope from what I said, but the effort was only partially successful.

"I am convinced that it cannot be that I work too much, I really am able to achieve so little, and, besides, hard work never hurt anybody. It is something else. Sixty-five is a critical age for many men. If a man gets past this period, he may live quite a while longer. Perhaps I shall, but I doubt it, seriously. How I envy you the twenty years immediately ahead of you! Make the most of them, my dear; they are the best and most productive of one's life. What wouldn't I give to be your age again! We always think that if we had our work to do over we could do it so much better."

IN view of Mr. Conrad's vivid and vital personality and abundant nervous energy, I had a conviction that his health surely could be restored in some way; I was convinced that this supposed "crisis of the middle sixties" could be passed with normal health to follow. And, apparently, my confidence in this belief had its effect upon him to some degree. More than a year and a half after this first discussion of his physical difficulties, I arrived at his house for a week-end visit. I had seen him quite often in the interval, but on this occasion we had planned the making of another sketch of him. He was not at the door to greet me on my arrival, as had been

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his unfailing practice, and I was taken at once to his room, where he was confined. He was seated in a wheel-chair beside the bed, and extended his hands to greet me.

"I owe you an apology, my dear," he said. "I have been in bed for days. I just got up a few minutes ago in order to be able to receive you respectably. I have been quite ill. I will have to go back to bed in an hour, and I fear there will be no chance to sit to you this time. So, you see, I have got you here under false pretenses; I hope you will forgive me. I could have sent you a telegram and told you the situation, but I just could not bring myself to do it. You do buck me up so, and I could not resist having you. You will forgive me, won't you?"

I proceeded with the "bucking up" with all my heart, full of sympathy for his sufferings, and was still able to believe the encouraging things that I said. But before that visit was over my faith in his ultimate recovery was shaken quite a bit by a confession from Mrs. Conrad. The doctor had told her that his heart was acting badly, and that his constant sufferings were having a weakening effect upon it. From that time onward I looked upon him with different eyes, concealing from him the added anxiety that was born of this disclosure.

Work being impossible for him at this period, we had long conversations morning, afternoon, and evening during the days of this visit, and I now look back regretfully to a remark that Mr. Lloyd Osbourne made to me at about this time.

"You are most fortunate in your friendship with Conrad," he said. "He is more difficult to meet than the King of England. Let me give you a bit of advice; write down everything that he says to you, so the rest of us can have the benefit of it at some future time. If you neglect making your notes carefully and promptly, most of it will escape you. I advise you as one who had a similar experience." This warning bore scant fruit in comparison with the possibilities; my notes were few and very far between. I could not think of our talks in the light of "copy," and the bulk of what was said has, I hope, sunk into my sub-consciousness to be salvaged at a later time. Mr. Conrad and I joked about my being his pictorial Boswell; I wish I had been a more thorough verbal one as well.

The modesty of the man concerning his achievements was complete and sincere. Before his visit to America I had voiced the hope that he would make the journey to my native land, assuring him that a royal welcome awaited him there at the hands of hosts of admirers. Betraying again the often-observed fact that he was unable to believe in his fame, he flouted the idea that there could be a very wide knowledge of him in America, saying that he was not a writer of great popularity, and had a distinctly limited public. It would be pleasant to visit our shores, he thought, but the probability of making the trip was very small. That he was destined to make the voyage so soon neither of us dreamed at the time, nor did we think of the surprise he was to receive concerning his modest estimate of his fame. I met him on board the ship at the time of his arrival; the story of that visit is known to every one now. Royalty could not have been received with more distinction or enthusiasm, and Mr. Conrad was amazed, I am sure, at the hordes of reporters, camera-men, reception committees, and the public in general that greeted him. I smiled as I left him moving slowly down the crowded pier, almost eclipsed by huge bunches of American Beauty roses, all that his arms could hold. His unbelief in his fame was being shattered!

An additional amusing example of this phase came at the time when the manuscripts of some of his books were sold at such amazing prices. I sent him one of the first of the newspaper announcements, expressing regret that so little of the money realized went to him. I received in reply a gay and cordial letter in his unique handwriting that discussed everything but the cutting that I had sent until a tiny postcript after the signature: "That Quinn sale was an enormous stunt, wasn't it? It will make me famous!"

Despite the greatness of his achievements, mention to him of his work revealed him always apologetic to himself for not having done better justice to the vision of his conceptions. All sincere artists know the disappointment of comparing a finished work with the vividness of the dream that inspired it. I, from experience, had come to the conclusion that, when most successful, we capture about one-third of the beauty that drives us to the labor of creation. Mentioning this to Mr. Conrad, I found him in agreement.

"You are right," he said; "I have estimated the proportion that can be captured at about thirty-five per cent." It behooves us, then, that our conceptions be of ever-increasing beauty.

One day in my studio in London, as my famous sitter divided his time between the model-stand and a place of vantage behind me where he could observe over my shoulder the application of the color, I asked him how he was coming to feel about "The Rover." He had previously expressed himself as unable to judge it satisfactorily, the task of its production having been too recent. How I wish I had a sketch of him as he looked at that particular moment, huddled in his chair, gazing at the skylight with an eagle-like intensity, his monocle raising a huge welt above his drooping right eyebrow from the muscular contraction of his forehead, and magnifying grotesquely the eager eye behind it. The cold top light accentuated with utmost vividness every hollow and salience of his rugged face; no carving at Chartres could have rivaled him in intensity.

"What do I think of 'The Rover'?" His head was plunged into his hands, and he sat for a moment in an attitude of deepest dejection. Returning to an erect posture, he seemed to recall himself from the melancholy train of thought that my question had occasioned.

"'The Rover'? Well, I'll tell you—I have not yet made up my mind about it. It worries me. It is going wonderfully well both here and in America, and the reviews have been excellent, but I cannot come to a satisfactory conclusion about it myself. I cannot decide if it is one of my best works. Perhaps I shall know later. It may be the best of the lot, but for the moment I am very much at sea about it. Which is my best book? Again, I don't know. They are all so different. I can never resist the temptation to experiment, and can never write in the same way twice. "Nostromo" is my biggest canvas, my most ambitious performance. Perhaps it is the best. I do not know. Dickens and Thackeray always wrote in a consistent style. They had established methods, and one book resembled another, so that comparison is possible. This is not the case with me. With each effort I want to try something new. This makes immediate comparison very difficult, almost impossible.

"'The Rover' is hardest of all for me to judge, naturally, as it is the most recent. What an amount of labor it cost me, and labor under such difficult conditions! I had to stop repeatedly because of illness; I wrote the thing at least eleven times. And I never use a stenographer much; the work must be done so largely by hand. I can dictate the first rough draft, and then begins endless rewriting. The labor of it fatigues me so; I hate to write! I do it only when an idea comes to me so strongly that I cannot resist it. Otherwise it would be impossible for me. I write when a story demands telling so strongly that there is

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no further possibility of postponement. I am not a literary man. Literary men can write about anything, often with equal facility. I am not one of those clever and accomplished people."

"But you are missing a golden opportunity for the sale of a valuable by-product," I replied, jokingly. "I refer to the classic custom of writing American impressions. Many Englishmen visit us for ten days or a fortnight, and come away with sufficient material to classify us completely, and tell exactly what is wrong with us in every way. What they have not observed the imagination usually supplies; and there's money in it! The market is well established, and I would like to see you benefit by it. We read these critiques with the same incomprehensible avidity with which we consume imported lectures and ice-cream sodas."

"What you say is undoubtedly true, but that sort of thing is not possible for me. I cannot sit down in cold blood and write for profit. I can produce only creative work, and that only when the desire to write is so strong that it takes complete possession of me and resistance is impossible."

The progress of the portraits interested Mr. Conrad very much, and as the likenesses developed he displayed much pleasurable excitement.

"Artists, and even photographers, have a way of smoothing me out and making me look too nice and polite. I see that you are going to represent me as the rough old sea-dog that I am. There is nothing smooth about my face. Feel my temples, how deep and narrow they are; now my cheek bones, and see how they project. And feel how my head broadens abruptly over the ears; the back of my skull is nearly circular. Now my chin, feel how rugged and prominent the bones are. Paint me to look as I am—an old pirate with hooded eyes, like a snake! You laugh? Well, I was virtually a pirate once. I commanded that filibustering ship in 'The Arrow of Gold,' you know, and was nearly captured many times. I know that you have caught my attitude exactly in these pictures; my father used to sit like that. And see how my waistcoat has crept up!" He laughed his approval. "Capital! I could never keep it down. You were worrying a while ago about the length of the nose. Don't change it, because you have it exactly. That's the Korzeniowski nose absolutely. I don't know which of the two I like better, they both seem so utterly like me. First I prefer one, then the other. This background of the gray, cold sea is an excellent idea. You may not have been conscious of it, but you have introduced a fine bit of symbolism here; you show the ocean and the seaman who came out of it to the land. The pale-yellow light on the horizon suggests that there was hope for better things for the sailor when the land called him. The front view has quite an air about it." Meditatively, "My dear Tittle, do I look as great as that? Don't you think that our friendship has prepossessed you in my favor?"

A great luxury this for an artist, when all too frequently one's sitters wish to be glorified. Of the two portraits, the latter-mentioned one proved to be the favorite with Sir James Barrie, who came to my studio to see them and my paintings of Mr. Bernard Shaw. "It is so like him as he used to sit talking with me by the hour in my studio," he said. "Always so nervous and intent on the subject in hand. I used to like to imagine that he was really a pirate, who at any moment was likely to leap from his chair and stick a knife into me!"

The second installment of this article will appear in an early issue

The Anti-Christian Movement in China

By PHILIP N. YOUTZ

MUCH of the menace of the anti-Christian movement which is now sweeping over many centers in China is offset by the new spirit of liberalism and sympathy for native culture shown by the speakers at the recent Washington Missionary Conference. This new attitude has nothing to do with the theological struggle between Fundamentalists and the liberal wing of the Church, but is based on a better understanding of the fine traditions of Chinese life and a ready appreciation of the aspirations of struggling young China.

The new point of view was revealed in the quick reply of a missionary who has worked over two decades in an isolated coast city south of Shanghai to the old question, "Why should materialistic America seek to Christianize China?" "Because America needs China's spiritual insight and devotion to the higher values. America herself can never become actually Christian without the aid of China and other nations."

This attitude of sharing Christianity and the problem of putting it into operation with China is very far removed from the attitude of a former day which would ship a ready-made Americanized Christianity out to China. For the first time the Church is realizing the need of world co-operation on spiritual problems.

CABLE messages from China tell of riot and hatred. Bolshevists and Chinese radicals combine in enmity to "the Jesus doctrine." This article tells something of what Chinese Christians are doing to meet the menace to their country and their faith.

Two other factors that came out clearly at the Washington Conference are likely to mitigate the effect of the present anti-Christian movement in China: the growing spirit of independence and initiative on the part of the Chinese Christian Church and the tendency to regard denominations as units in a united Christian Church rather than as separate and even hostile sects.

Now that the infant Chinese Christian Church is reaching a position of strength and maturity, missionaries have been quick to change from the paternalistic attitude of the past. The Chinese Church itself has responded surprisingly. Already Chinese Christians have accepted the task of Christianizing China as essentially theirs and they are beginning to send out missionaries of their own.

While there has been little attempt to minimize denominational distinctions or to work out doctrinal agreement, these differences have interfered very little with practical co-operation. Union enterprises, such as colleges and hospitals, are among the most successful missionary achievements in China. The young Chinese Church has been organized for several years on a non-denominational basis with the expressed approval of many mission leaders. Thus the Christian Church in China faces the anti-Christian movement with a united front.

Up to the present many of the inci-

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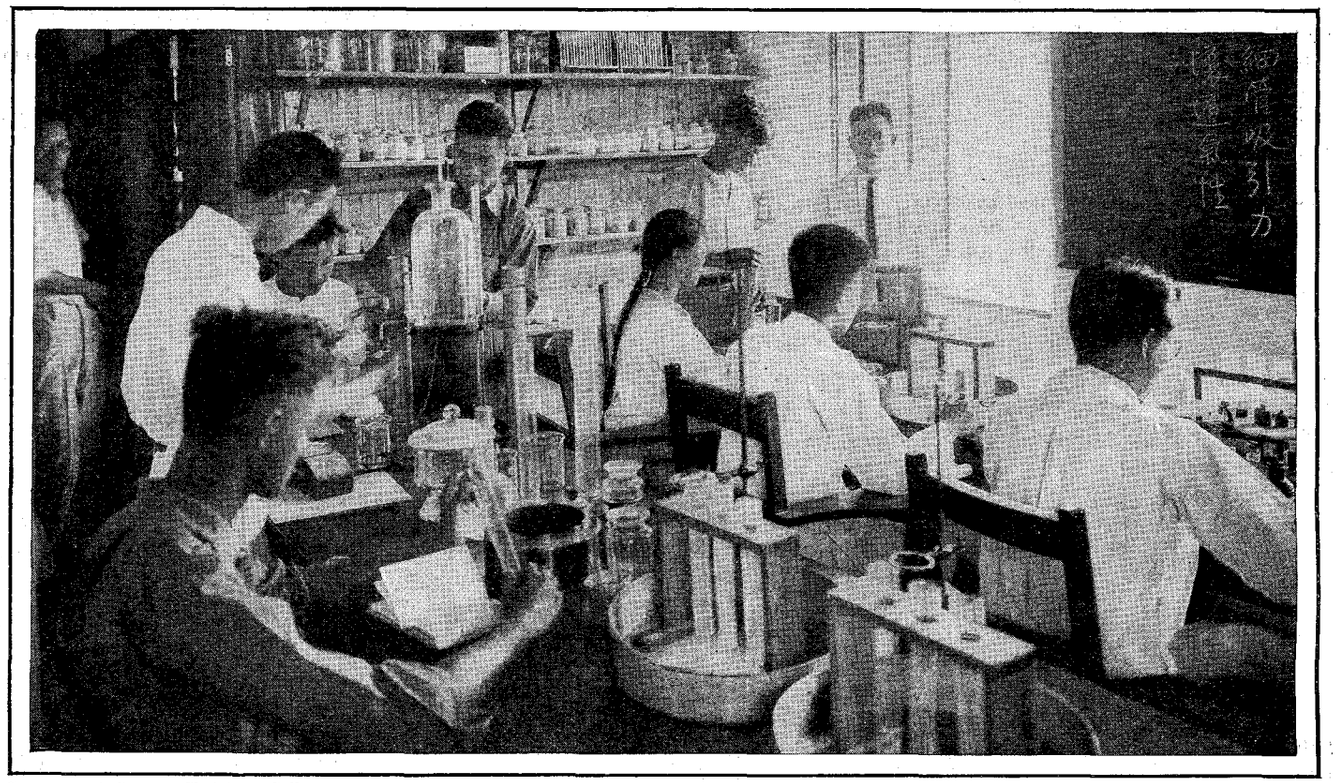

Courtesy of Canton Christian College

Studying the chemistry of plants and soils in one of the agricultural courses at Canton Christian College. These students look upon Christianity as the religion of the new scientific learning of the West. As they have been educated to regard science and religion as allies, Soviet anti-Christian propaganda, which asserts that science has proved Christianity an outworn superstition has no appeal for them

dents of the anti-Christian movements have had a comic aspect, though there constantly threatens a tragic ending. A number of Chinese students shouting, "The Jesus doctrine is the advance-guard of foreign aggression! It is the disguise of foreigners who seek to destroy China!" broke up or disturbed Christmas celebrations in many parts of China. In North China the demonstrators attacked only Christianity, but in South China, where Dr. Sun Yat-sen has encouraged Soviet doctrine, the attack was against all religion as a form of superstition and against Christianity in particular as the religion of the foreign oppressor.

A Christian Chinese doctor in one of the hospitals in Canton summed up the situation by saying: "Here in the South Chinese Christians have never been tried. In the North Chinese martyrs laid down their lives to establish the Jesus doctrine at the time of the reactionary Boxer uprising. Now a time of testing is at hand. I believe it will cleanse the Chinese Church from unfaithful and unworthy members, so that it will emerge from the period of persecution strengthened and victorious.

"One thing only is certain, the Jesus doctrine has come to stay. It is now rooted in Chinese soil. The mistake the anti-Christian leaders make is to imagine that the Jesus doctrine is still a foreign teaching, as it was a few tens of years ago."

Shortly before Christmas, after Dr. Sun's mercenaries had defeated the Merchants' Volunteer Militia at Canton, Dr. Sun turned his soldiers loose to loot the city. He warned them not to enter schools, hospitals, and churches, but his orders were not obeyed.

The agitation is far more serious than isolated incidents would indicate. Nearly all the missions, schools, and churches in Canton were disturbed on Christmas. At some places the agitators destroyed considerable property, but for the most part they contented themselves with preaching against Christianity.

"We have no doubt," said a Christian Chinese principal of a leading school, "that the Christians will have to suffer before this anti-Christian feeling passes, yet all of us are confident that the Christian Church is in China to stay."

Most Chinese observers agree that Soviet money and Soviet propaganda have taken advantage of the growing Chinese resentment against foreign aggression to launch a well-planned attack on Christianity. Many Chinese student organizations and Chinese Modernist publications are acting as channels for the attack. Local political factions take sides in maneuvering for their own ends, so that the issue is often confused.

An analysis of the main arguments urged against Christianity in the literature and speeches of the anti-Christian speakers shows the methods of the attack and the type of opposition which Christianity must face from modern China:

I. "Christianity has proved to be the advance-guard of foreign imperialism. For instance, the Chinese port of Tsingtau was taken over by the Germans as the result of the murdering of certain missionaries. Apparently missionaries come first, then gunboats and treaties, and finally dominance by foreign Powers. This process has already gone so far that, as Dr. Sun has said, 'China is little better than a foreign colony.'"

II. "Chinese Christians are servants of capitalism. They are, in Chinese slang, *'tsau kau,'* dogs which follow their masters. The fine plants that missionary societies build and the positions they are able to give to their workers have appealed to many Chinese, who have thus become the tools of foreigners. Missions are largely supported by capitalists for commercial or political ends."

III. "Christians and students in Christian institutions are not patriotic. Foreign teachers give them a wrong point of view and, owing to their contact with these foreigners, they do not see that foreign imperialism disguised as Christianity is subtly penetrating China."

IV. "Christianity has been disproved by modern science. Enlightened peoples the world over are giving up religion of

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all kinds as something which is outgrown. Instead of religious superstition they are adopting a scientific view of life."

V. "The teachings of Christianity, especially regarding miracles, are absurd."

VI. "The dominance of the Christian Church during the Middle Ages in Europe and before the Revolution in Russia are an example of the tyranny which Christianity has instituted."

VII. "The universal foreign control of mission institutions is an example of the attempt to make the Chinese the servants of foreign nations. This control of missions by foreigners prevents them from training patriotic Chinese citizens."

VIII. "The Christian schools maintain low standards."

The best defense against these attacks of the anti-Christian agitators lies in the progressive policy of Christian forces in China. A good practical example of the new policy in missions is the Canton Christian College, located in Canton, the city where, under Dr. Sun, Soviet propaganda has been most thorough. Some idea of the importance of this institution may be gained from the fact that it has an enrollment of 1,200 boys and girls, a 350-acre campus, and 52 permanent fireproof buildings.

To begin with, this College was founded as a result of a petition signed by all the leading Chinese gentry of the district. Thus from the start it was a joint undertaking between Chinese and Americans, not an exotic foreign institution. Very soon after its foundation the College was made non-denominational, so as to permit the fullest co-operation of all the missions working in South China.

In a way this handicapped the young institution, for it had no strong home board to help it financially, but as far as relations with the Chinese were concerned it was a considerable advantage, because they looked upon it, not as the mouthpiece of any powerful foreign sect or sects, but as an enterprise of a united Christian Church that transcended racial, national, and territorial lines. Instead of feeling that the College was a foreign institution to be supported by money from abroad, they contributed generously, gradually giving in larger ratio, until to-day two-thirds of the current expenses come from Chinese sources and less than one-third from America.

The Canton College has made it a fundamental policy to emphasize absolute race equality in organization, academic honors, residences, and salaries. This means that the American professor receives very little compared with the Chinese professor, although their salaries are the same. It costs the former considerably more to live, because he has to import much of his food, whereas the latter, being at home, can live very cheaply. Yet the policy is amply justified in the cordial relations between Americans and Chinese and the loyalty of the Chinese community to the College. An American president, a Chinese associate president, and a British vice-president make the Canton Christian College a notable example of internationalism.

The large majority of students who enter Canton Christian College are non-Christian. That there has never been any anti-Christian feeling among these students, many of whom are at the age which is most critical, is due to three facts which aptly illustrate the new spirit in missions.

Christianity is taught in the classrooms, but it is presented on its own merits as the highest type of ethics and religion, which every educated man should understand, but which the student is at liberty to accept or reject as a personal faith. Christianity is presented as education, not as propaganda. Instead of coercion either concealed or open, the student finds full intellectual freedom.

Second, the student does not get a one-sided view of Christianity. With fifteen denominations represented on the Faculty of the College, the student not only encounters divergencies of emphasis but as far as theological statement is concerned sharp disagreement. He becomes acquainted with Christianity from many angles, and if he decides to accept it he has had a chance to think out his own position for himself.

Third, and this is very important in meeting Soviet propaganda, the student at Canton Christian College is taught to consider Christianity as the religion of the new learning, the faith of the scientific man who fearlessly searches for knowledge wherever it may lead him. Instead of encountering science as anti-Christian, he finds that his teachers have faith to believe that increased knowledge can only lead man into closer communion with God. To a youth who looks upon the relentless search for truth as a sort of corollary of his Christianity Soviet propaganda based on the antagonism of science and religion seems quaintly Victorian and out of date.

The scholarly traditions of the country make the Chinese particularly quick to detect inferior standards. One of the reasons that the College at Canton has constantly had their approval even in times of intense anti-foreign feeling is that it is chartered by the Regents of the University of the State of New York. Every diploma bears a seal that will ad-

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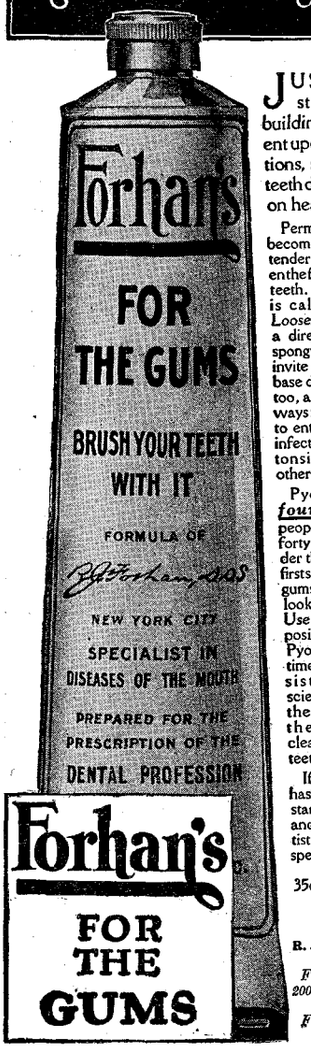
mit its holder to graduate standing in the leading institutions of this country. In the early days of missions standards both moral and intellectual were necessarily lowered to meet pioneer conditions. But one of the keenest weapons which the modern missionary possesses against his attackers is that his schools have the highest standing in the country; that Christianity exacts a moral standard higher than that of any other religion from its adherents. Superiority gives power. The criticisms of the anti-Christians can only cut deeply where they are just.

In mission work in the early days excess of zeal sometimes caused Christians to overlook Jesus' significant saying, "I came not to destroy, but to fulfill." Dr. James McClure Henry announced soon after he was elected President of Canton Christian College last spring that his greatest ambition was to strengthen the Department of Chinese Literature. The ancient classic culture of China forms the background of the modern education at Canon Christian College. Instead of supplanting the old learning of China, this modern college strives to supplement it. From the union of the Eastern and Western cultures it is seeking to engender a renaissance of Chinese life.

Where Christianity has been naturalized and incorporated into the fabric of Chinese life to the extent which it has at Canton Christian College Soviet attempts to attack it as foreign propaganda have little effect. The insidious nature of the Soviet attack is that it skillfully follows natural lines of cleavage in the mission system. Race equality in organization and a growing appreciation of Chinese culture, however, are effective antidotes to anti-foreign agitation.

The spirit of the Missionary Conference at Washington is the strongest safeguard against Soviet anti-Christian propaganda in China. The Christian Church in China faces a mighty struggle with Communism. The stakes are very high—a nation with 400,000,000 people, one-fourth of the world's population. The attack of the Soviet Government has already practically destroyed the Orthodox Christian Church in Russia. The Christian Church in China will meet a similar fate unless it is strengthened by a more modern and vital faith. A united Church which all denominations support, a ready appreciation of China's ancient culture as the basis for any intellectual renaissance, recognized racial equality, a Christianity that allies itself with modern science, and a just foreign policy on the part of Christian governments are the elements which give Christianity a strong hope of final victory.

The dread Pyorrhea begins with bleeding gums



JUST as the strength of a building is dependent upon its foundations, so are healthy teeth dependent upon healthy gums.

Permit the gums to become inflamed or tender and you weaken the foundation of the teeth. This condition is called Pyorrhea. Loosening of teeth is a direct result. And spongy, receding gums invite painful tooth-base decay. They act, too, as so many doorways for disease germs to enter the system—infecting the joints or tonsils—or causing other ailments.

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The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

The Sometimes Noble Art

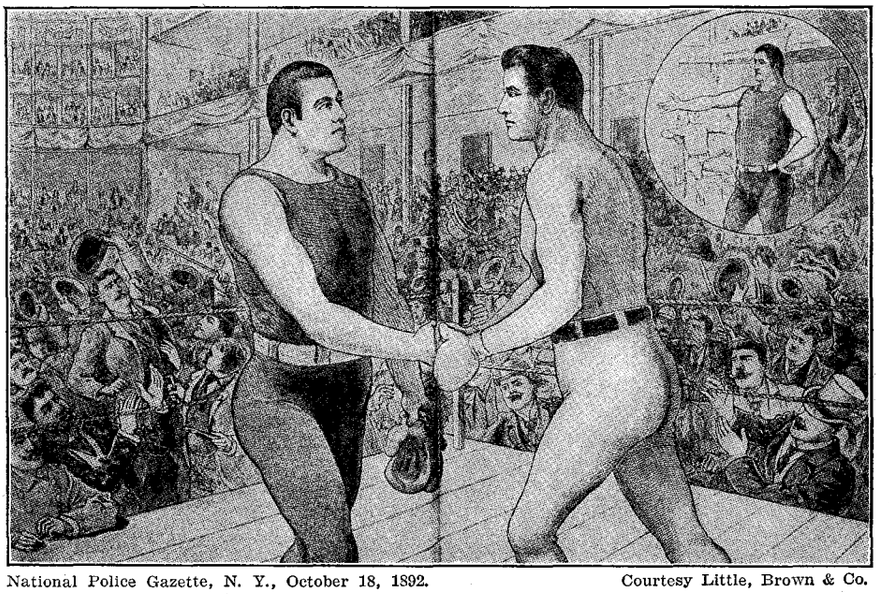
IT has been written, and many times repeated, that

The wildest dreams of Kew are the facts of Khatmandu,
And the crimes of Clapham chaste in Martaban.

The power of space and distance to upset possibility and to alter codes of morals is no more remarkable than the ability of time to do the same thing. The effect of the passage of years upon our ideas of ethics makes an interesting study, and it would be pleasant to find an explanation why the grievous offenses of 1888 become the subject of respectable intellectual research in the 1920's.

Two examples have offered themselves in my immediate neighborhood. The public library in which I work not long ago held an exhibition of dime novels; to-day it has on view a collection of books, pictures, and programmes illustrating the history of the American stage, and one whole showcase is devoted to cigarette pictures of actresses—some of them in tights! Now in the primary and grammar schools which I attended in the '80's and '90's it would have been hard to say which would have been held the most grievous sin, and which would have caused the teacher the most acute distress: to discover one of the boys with a dime novel or to find that he was concealing in his pockets even one cigarette picture. Of course, the pictures of actresses carried with them the suggestion of greater infamy, but all these little pictorial souvenirs were thought to be steeped in degradation, and it fared very ill indeed with any boy caught harboring them. Of course, the little girls would no more touch one of them than they would nurse a viper.

I owned a collection of hundreds of them. The stout ladies of the stage did not figure in this collection, merely because the colored pictures of wild animals, Indian chiefs, Civil War commanders, and foreign flags interested me very much more. But cigarette pictures of all kinds were disapproved by the moralists of the day, and I think that my parents were thought to have failed in their duty in allowing me to amass this gallery. For was not each one of them intimately associated at one time in its career with a box of cigarettes? Yet I have lived to see not only dime novels, but cigarette pictures, and these of the most pernicious variety, unblushingly displayed as objects of interest in an institution of learning.



National Police Gazette, N. Y., October 18, 1892. Courtesy Little, Brown & Co.

"Champion and ex-champion cheered. John L. Sullivan given a rousing testimonial by over ten thousand enthusiastic admirers, in Madison Square Garden, New York, on September 17"

What is there in the influence of time which seems to put the sober color of respectability upon the glittering sins of the past? Historians the most austere may discuss the butterflies of the Court of Charles II, although they could not bring themselves to acknowledge the existence of the similar frail creatures of to-day. Not long ago I had occasion to ask the custodian of a library about a book which described a great crime of his own day and mine. He intimated that I might see it, under proper precautions, but that it was not a book which he allowed in the hands of the general public. He did not, he said, care to "cater to the morbid." Yet he offered most freely and apparently felt no such hesitation about a number of books and pamphlets describing a far more scandalous crime which had happened *a century ago*. This had become a subject of legitimate interest; the little pamphlets describing it were foxed by age, and sold by book dealers at high prices. Therefore it was a proper subject for the interest, not only of scholars, but of anybody. In fact, to read about it gave one the distinction of learning and antiquarianism.

This unpardonably long prologue is by way of introducing the remark that prize-fighting seems to be respectable if it is the prize-fighting of the past. To refer to the famous fight with the Flaming Tinman in the pages of Borrow—a much overrated fight, by the way—is not only a highly creditable literary allusion, but it marks the writer about literature with a certain flavor of the sporting man, much desired in all times by the pale literary critic. Many essays have been written and books have been compiled about the pugilist in literature. To-day, in the midst of the increasing fondness for publishing books about the strange figures of the past—a custom which is producing some very entertaining books—the pugilist is not only writing, but he is being written about, as never before. Mr. R. F. Dibble's "John L. Sullivan"[1] is an admirable example of a brief biography, is probably trustworthy as to facts, is certainly readable and amusing in content, and is, at the same time, satirical in the best sense of that hard-worked word. Some pages of it have appeared in one issue of the "American Mercury," but none of it is to be confused with an entirely different kind of biography which has been running in

[1] John L. Sullivan: An Intimate Narrative. By R. F. Dibble. Little, Brown, & Co., Boston. $3.

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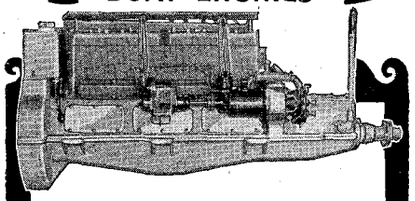

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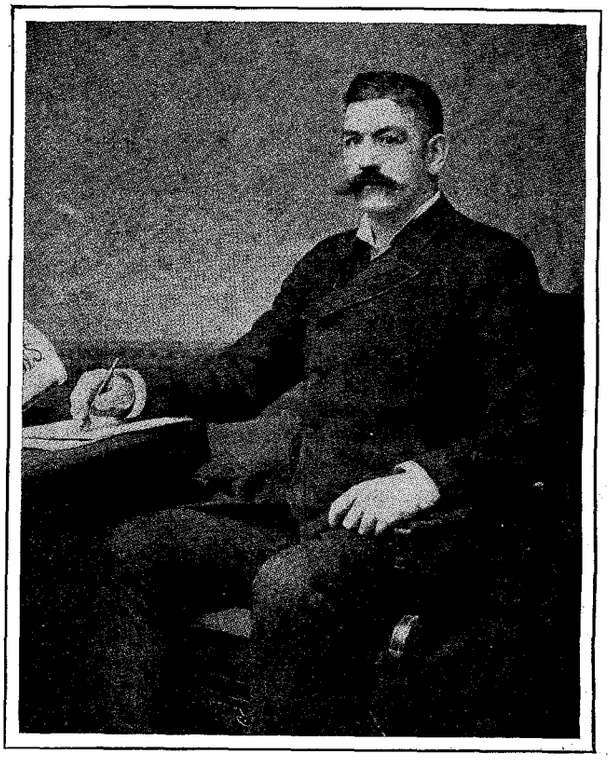

John L. in a literary aspect

From a photograph in the Albert Davis Collection.

Courtesy Little, Brown & Co.

"Liberty." The latter is a more conventional work, tending to glorify Sullivan. The Introduction and the end of Mr. Dibble's book must be read for their thorough enjoyment. I will not spoil them by attempting to reproduce them here. Mr. Dibble makes an almost perfect estimate of Sullivan's career, and he views it both with sympathy and with sarcastic humor. He appreciates the extraordinary ability of Sullivan as a fighter, the boastful but courageous belief in himself as a man who could lick all creation, the grossness of many parts of his career, and the worth of his final triumph over his great enemy, alcohol. The newspaper reporters were the Boswells to Sullivan's Dr. Johnson, and they knew how to bring out his best sayings. Consider, for instance, the old fighter's delicious explanation of the reasons why his autograph fetched more in the market than that of President Eliot of Harvard.

The man who beat Sullivan—although I fear I am a recreant son of Massachusetts to admit that any one ever beat him—James J. Corbett, has written his autobiography in "The Roar of the Crowd."[2] And that is right and proper, for it has been well said that every man ought to write his own autobiography. It is courteous, modest, and humorous. For the pleasure which I have had in reading it I can forgive Mr. Corbett not only for beating Boston's Greatest Citizen, but also for the fact that I once nearly lost my right ear on his account. I was occupying a barber's chair next to the one in which he was seated, and the distracted and agitated barber who should have been trimming my hair but was actually engaged in hero worship waved his scissors about so carelessly that I nearly suffered the loss to which I have referred. In Mr. Corbett's book we read about the rise of a young prize-fighter on the Pacific coast. It is a thoroughly entertaining story, and I am particularly glad to learn that he often trained on milk and on vanilla ice-cream, as I have long believed them to be excellent forms of food both in war and in peace. For a thoroughly amusing story I would recommend every one to read Mr. Corbett's account of his early training and of his attempt to comply with somebody's advice that "getting up at five o'clock in the morning and taking a raw egg and sherry on rising would make a man very strong."

These two books revive forgotten chapters in American history and will give almost any man, especially one who can remember the period they describe, three or four hours' enjoyment.

E. L. P.

[2] The Roar of the Crowd. By James J. Corbett. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

FICTION

CRUEL FELLOWSHIP. By Cyril Hume. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.50.

Painstaking study of a human worm. Grant the premise (specifically laid down by the story-teller) that any human worm is worth an artist's care. Then allow for the origins of this particular worm: "Recall the fact that he was an

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offshoot of an outworn and inbred stock, the son of a mother who was physically gummy and mentally asthmatic. Father problematical. His aunts three damned puffballs. His rickety uncle not a model either of virility or intelligence." . . . We are off!

The tale is told with Conradian indirection. To begin with, we get a glimpse of Claude Fisher, the finished product, flabby, shifty, surrounded with "a disagreeable aura." He is offered as material to the story-teller by the supernally cynical South—a sophomore's god. On a trip to Bermuda Claude has unbosomed himself to South, and that sneering Marlow offers the story to his friend as fine stuff for a novel. The burden of it is that Claude, nominally a gentleman, is a victim of sex repression and an inferiority complex. He attracts neither the friendship of men nor the love of women. The only man for whom he feels strong affection turns out to be a pervert. The only woman who rouses him to lofty passion turns out to be a common drab. Poor Fisher—poor fish! But then, as the author gently suggests, we are all more or less poor fish.

THE GREAT GATSBY. By F. Scott Fitzgerald. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

This short novel shows in more ways than one that Mr. Fitzgerald has serious intentions as a novelist. In subject-matter the book is not essentially different from his other stories of drinking parties in Manhattan hotels and Long Island country houses. The end of the book, like that of "The Beautiful and Damned," is uncurbed melodrama. His novels always end either everywhere or nowhere. The virtues of this book are its painstaking, often exquisite, workmanship and its humor. Some of this is unconscious, it must be said, as in the final tableau of the dead Gatsby afloat on a pneumatic mattress in his swimming-pool. But there is a vein of satiric invention evident in the catalogue of guests at a typical Gatsby week-end house-party that reminds one of Eugene Field's feat of cramming all the first families of Kentucky into four lines of his poem "The Peter-Bird."

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

THE ADVENTURE OF WRANGEL ISLAND. Written by Vihljalmur Stefansson with the Collaboration of John Irvine Knight, upon the Diary of Whose Son, Errol Lorne Knight, the Narrative is Mainly Based. The Macmillan Company, New York. $6.

Besides being a record of the heroism and endurance of the ill-fated party of four men sent by the author to Wrangel Island in 1921 to establish a claim for the British Government there, this book is an example of quite extraordinary forbearance on Mr. Stefansson's part. What was to have been "a simple narrative of a romantic and tragic adventure" became perforce a refutation of the charges of incompetence and immorality made against the four men by Harold Noice, commander of the relief ship, on his return in 1923 from Wrangel Island, where he had found Ada Blackjack, an Eskimo, the only surviving member of the party with which she had gone as sewing woman. Three of the men had disappeared, lost in an attempt to reach Nome, an attempt previously agreed upon with Stefansson; the fourth, Lorne Knight, had died of scurvy at the camp, leaving a diary which Noice appropriated and upon which he based his charges, deleting and suppressing such portions as did not fit his theory. Stefansson's book was ready to appear when Noice volunteered to make and sign a retraction, explanation, and apology, in consideration of which Stefansson re-edited the entire book to remove counter-charges against Noice's veracity and mental soundness, delaying its publication for six months. The controversial element adds the last touch of interest to the record of one of the most dramatic of Stefansson's ventures in the Arctic, although one in which he did not personally take part.

MISCELLANEOUS

WORLD MISSIONARY ATLAS. Edited by Harlan P. Beach, D.D., F.R.G.S., and Charles H. Fahs, B.A., B.D. Maps by John Bartholomew, F.R.G.S., of the Edinburgh Geographical Institute. The Institute of Social and Religious Research, New York. $10.

This is a most useful reference book for missionary societies and workers. It contains a political chart of the world, an extensive directory of missionary societies, over one hundred pages of statistics of Protestant missions throughout the world, and colored maps of all the countries of the world, done with great care and admirably printed. The maps show the location of mission stations everywhere. There are general descriptive notes of the lands to which missions are sent. The book closes with four indices: Index to Missionary Societies, Alphabetical List of Missionary Society Initials, Index to Mission Stations, and a Geographical Index.

Notes on New Books

AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE VIOLIN. By Alberto Bachmann. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $5.

An illustrated work of five hundred pages about the violin. Chapters on violin makers, the construction of the violin and all its parts, the teaching of violin playing, together with a biographical dictionary of violinists, a list of music for the violin, and other topics.

THE EINSTEIN THEORY. By Samuel H. Guggenheimer. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

This book aims to explain the Einstein theory in a manner comprehensible to a

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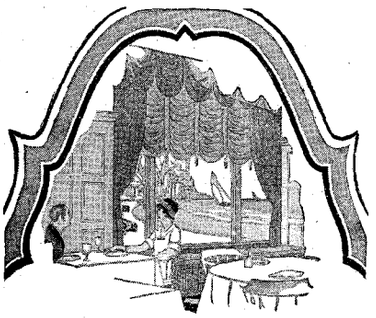

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Why Hop Ye So?

DEAR PULSIFER, *and all hands and the cook:*

Sometimes a man becomes stale. If he cannot put a little singing into what he writes, I think that one should cease writing. This old typewriter that I bought from a girl who had been crossed in love seems not to sing at all.

I am going away to the hills. I want to hear the waterfalls and to listen to the wind in the forest. I am going to climb high above the valley, up to where I can feel the swing of the universe. I am much too excited to write.

Joe Straley has long ago gone to the hills. He was down from them a few nights ago, and came to see me. He is brown and hard. He is going to split shakes all summer. He had a poem that he had written about a mountain, and wanted me to read it. He didn't know that his eyes were a poem, and his face, and arms, and hands, and body poems; and of course I did not tell him. He'd have screwed up his eyes in a winky smile and have said, "Gosh, it's them hills." He'd have felt embarrassed. He told me of the flowers in the hills, and of how full the streams are from the melting snows. He had come down in a hurry for just one night, and spared time to come and see me. He's been prospecting for gold, digging a tunnel, and he said, "Gosh, Bill, there's indications." But it is not the gold for which he cares. He digs because he loves to see the dirt turn up, and the "indications" give him the excuse to go on digging. It is the peck and uplift of his pick that thralls him. Every time his pick pecks he says, though he scarcely knows that he says it, "Swing, old universe! I'm with you."

Joe says, "Gosh, Bill, there's good money in splitting shakes." And all that he is really after is the scent of the sugar pine. He'll be hearing woodpeckers and chipmunks all day long. Squirrels will scold him. He'll have the wood ants running over his big boots. He'll sleep on boughs and ferns. He'll hear owls in the forest night, and will see stars through the high pine tops.

I'm going to the hills, where my pal Joe is. I'm tired, very tired, of myself, and of the sighs of the crossed-in-love girl who sold me this old typewriter. I want to hear the forest talking, I'm thirsty for the mountain waterfalls, for the stars through the high pine tops.

I'll try to write to you when I come back.

Ah, swing, old universe! I'm with you.

BILL ADAMS.

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WANTED, mother's helper for four children, two of which attend school, ages 7½, 5½, 4½, and 1 year. Give references. Apply Mrs. W. H. Wonilow, 16 East High St., Lebanon, Pa.

WANTED, superintendent gentleman's estate near Tuxedo, including small dairy and poultry farm. Communicate by mail with Miss Hammond, 519 West 139th St., New York City.

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BY clergyman's daughter, position as companion to elderly lady—secretarial, household accounts, reading, etc. Reference permitted to Rt. Rev. A. C. A. Hall, Burlington, Vt. Address 6,146, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED caterer and buyer making change in September desires position in school or club. 6,119, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED financial secretary, with B.S. degree, desires position. 6,177, Outlook.

FOOD expert desires position as manager in school or club. 6,176, Outlook.

MATRON wishes position institution or housekeeper in hotel; city or country. Experienced. 6,173, Outlook.

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REFINED woman desires position as housemother in school or as nursery governess. 6,157, Outlook.

STUDENT desires position from August 1 to September 7. Excellent chauffeur, gardener, mechanic. Irene Rogers, School of Horticulture, Ambler, Pa.

TEACHER with resident and institutional experience desires responsibility of unusual child. Vicinity of Cleveland. 6,153, Outlook.

WANTED—School position by a trained and experienced woman as buyer and manager of the domestic department. Best references. 6,180, Outlook.

WOULD some one interested give use of small estate to help lady open much needed home for old people. 6,172, Outlook.

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TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

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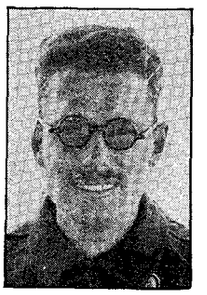

PHILIP N. YOUTZ spent three years in South China, engaged chiefly in architectural work for various educational enterprises. Since his return to the United States he has been occupied with journalism, graduate study at Columbia, and architecture, but has kept in close touch with current thought in China. Mr. Youtz has an A.B. degree from Amherst College and an A.M. from Oberlin.

WALTER TITTLE, American etcher and portrait painter, has won recognition both in this country and abroad. Many distinguished people have sat for him, among them Bernard Shaw and Joseph Conrad. Mr. Tittle's interview with Shaw was published in The Outlook last spring; in this issue appears a study of Conrad as the artist knew him.

M. W. ROYSE, who has spent part of each year since 1919 in Europe, doing political research work, has just now departed for his annual trip, to be gone until fall, when he takes up again his duties as teacher of government at the College of the City of New York. Mr. Royse has traveled mostly in eastern Europe, living among the peasants a good deal of the time.

By the Way

MR. MCGEEHAN, of the New York "Herald Tribune," seems to have caught Dr. Frank Crane off his base. He finds in one of Dr. Crane's moral essays this striking statement: "When you knock a ball over the fence in baseball you are out."

From the "American Legion Weekly:"

Though it had been six or more years since Budkins had been abroad, he was still pestering his friends with reminiscences.

"I suppose you saw Anatole France," yawned one.

"No," admitted Budkins, "but we were in the town right next to it."

From the "Brown Jug:"

"I thought you told me that turkey you sold me was tame."

"Yassuh, boss—that's what it was, boss."

"Well, it was all full of buckshot."

"Dat was a tame turkey, boss—that buckshot was intended for me!"

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